

Adam

VOL. 7 NO. 1

the
man's
home
companion!





Tennessee temptress Linda Lambert
for men who act, not talk. . . . see p. 7

a word from **ADAM**

ADAM IS ALWAYS pleased to add a new name to its long list of contributors, but when the new writer comes to us by way of a story like "Yesterday's 7,000 Years," (page 58) the pleasure is more than doubled.

Ralph E. Hayes, author of "7,000 Years," has done an exceptional job of blending a very common subject with a very uncommon mood and setting to produce a theme vital to every man who finds himself deeply in love with a beautiful but strong-willed woman. The "common subject" is a young couple's honeymoon trip; the very "uncommon" mood and setting is the brooding primitiveness of the African night in an otherwise modern-day Africa; the "vital theme" is that every man must assume a certain role in love, or fall victim to a dominant female who will, as a consequence, grow into a dominating shrew. And, remarkably, Mr. Hayes has done all this in a short story length—two-thousand words that flow with sensual smoothness, and pulse with virility.

Speaking of sensuality and virility, Mr. Hayes' brilliant little tale finds itself in good and exciting company—with other stories and articles and **ADAM's** lovely ladies. For a classic example, just take a look at Linda Lambert—that's her to your left. (And a heart-gladening look it is, too.) There is a lot more about this Tennessee temptress on page 7, including her rather refreshing attitude toward men of action.



Patricia Bryson readies Carla Marsh for mail-order "nudie" see page 62

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Dee Dee Smith photographed by ART MESSICK

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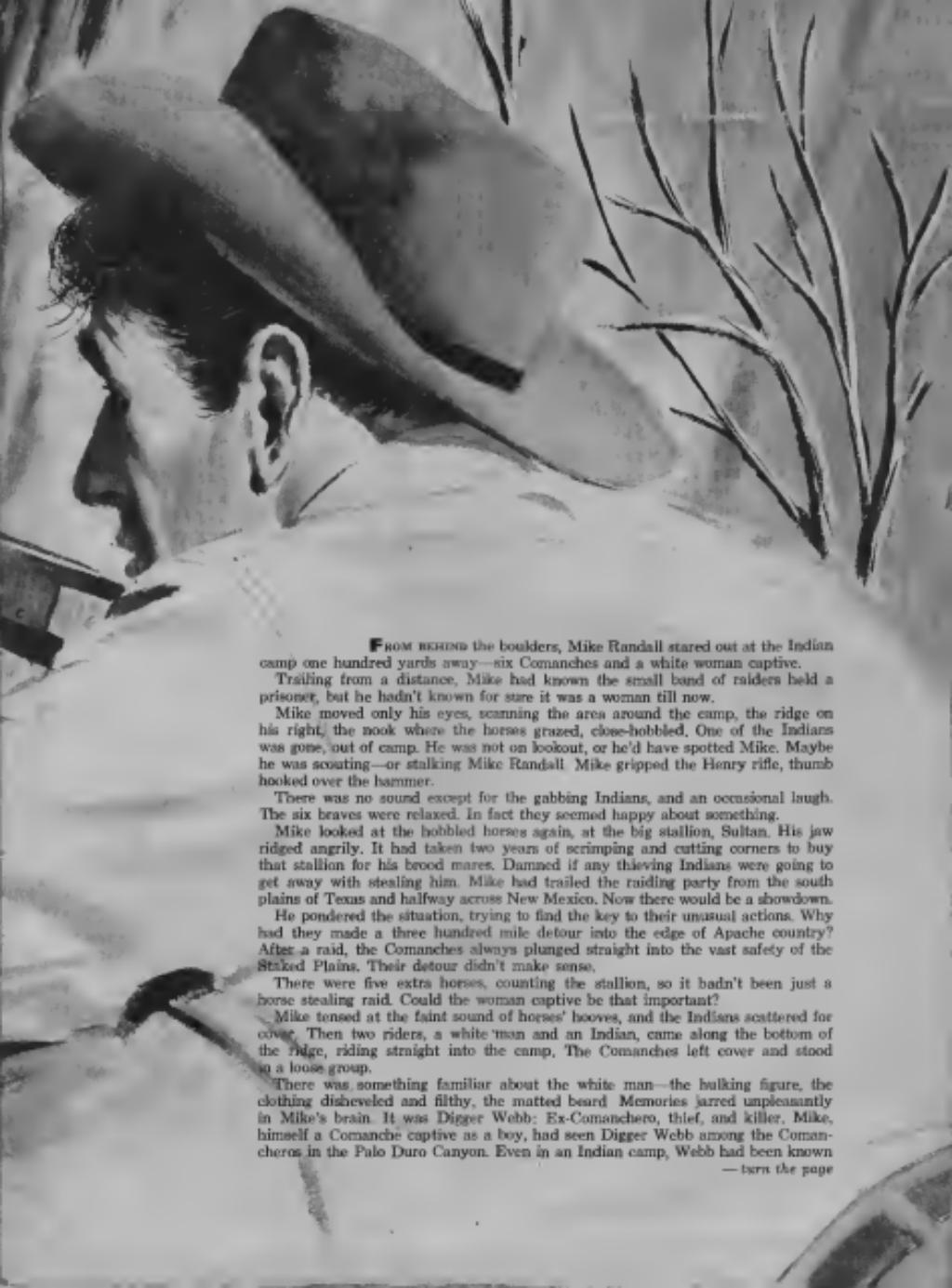
At The Hand Of The Blood-lusting Savages He Would
Face A Horrible Death, But He Had To Save The Woman He Loved

Comanche Captive

by W. J. REYNOLDS



As Mike watched helplessly, the big Comanche threw her to the ground, snatching away her blanket and dress.



FROM BEHIND the boulders, Mike Randall stared out at the Indian camp one hundred yards away—six Comanches and a white woman captive.

Trailing from a distance, Mike had known the small band of raiders held a prisoner, but he hadn't known for sure it was a woman till now.

Mike moved only his eyes, scanning the area around the camp, the ridge on his right, the nook where the horses grazed, close-hobbled. One of the Indians was gone, out of camp. He was not on lookout, or he'd have spotted Mike. Maybe he was scouting—or stalking Mike Randall. Mike gripped the Henry rifle, thumb hooked over the hammer.

There was no sound except for the gabbing Indians, and an occasional laugh. The six braves were relaxed. In fact they seemed happy about something.

Mike looked at the hobbled horses again, at the big stallion, Sultan. His jaw ridged angrily. It had taken two years of scrapping and cutting corners to buy that stallion for his brood mares. Damned if any thieving Indians were going to get away with stealing him. Mike had trailed the raiding party from the south plains of Texas and halfway across New Mexico. Now there would be a showdown.

He pondered the situation, trying to find the key to their unusual actions. Why had they made a three hundred mile detour into the edge of Apache country? After a raid, the Comanches always plunged straight into the vast safety of the Staked Plains. Their detour didn't make sense.

There were five extra horses, counting the stallion, so it hadn't been just a horse stealing raid. Could the woman captive be that important?

Mike tensed at the faint sound of horses' hooves, and the Indians scattered for cover. Then two riders, a white man and an Indian, came along the bottom of the ridge, riding straight into the camp. The Comanches left cover and stood in a loose group.

There was something familiar about the white man—the bulking figure, the clothing disheveled and filthy, the matted beard. Memories jarred unpleasantly in Mike's brain. It was Digger Webb: Ex-Comanchero, thief, and killer. Mike, himself a Comanche captive as a boy, had seen Digger Webb among the Comancheros in the Palo Duro Canyon. Even in an Indian camp, Webb had been known

—turn the page

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for his stench and his viciousness.

One of the Comanches stepped from the waiting group and faced Webb as the white man dismounted. They began to speak in sign language, and Mike watched grimly, anger rising as he caught the meaning. The raid, he learned, had been for the purpose of capturing this woman whom Webb had seen and wanted. Webb was to give the Comanches three mule-loads of goods, including ten rifles with ammos, in exchange.

The Comanche demanded that Webb produce the goods and rifles. Webb told him the stuff would be delivered after they showed him the woman.

The Indian made a motion and two others ran to the woman who lay, if exhausted, in the shade of a blanket thrown over a scrub bush. They jerked her to her feet. Barely stifling a bellow of rage, Mike sprang to his feet. It was Anne!

The lousy, stinking bastards! They had Anne! He sank back, shaking with apprehension and fury. Common sense told him that, dead, he could do Anne no good. God in heaven, Anne being sold to a stinking animal like Digger Webb?

Mike hunched, cursing in a savage whisper. When the time was right

he'd gut shoot those damned Comanches if he had to follow them to the Palo Duro, and he'd feed Webb's guts to the buzzards!

Mike's mind raced back to six months ago, when he'd met Anne while delivering five cutting horses to a rancher near Sequin Spring on the Mexican border. He had rented a corral for the night from Emilio Pesqua, Anne's uncle. Pesqua and his wife were old, and Anne ran the small ranch with the help of two slow-motion vaqueros. One look at Anne's sparkling smile, at her laughing blue eyes and Mike flapped. Anne had apparently felt the same way about Mike. He stayed four days, using the excuse that he wanted to rest his horses before delivery.

The daughter of an Irish father and a Mexican mother, Anne had a blooming, tawny beauty. He couldn't take his eyes off her. He could hardly believe his good luck when, blurted out his feelings, Anne, with a tender smile, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

The kiss burned into Mike, set him on fire while sky rockets exploded in his head. She moaned in his arms, her young breasts like fire against his chest, the warmth of her long legs glued to his. Wide-eyed and panting, they shucked

their clothes in a wild frenzy.

He bedded her on the sweet smelling hay, and her delicious body squirmed beneath him, inexperienced yet knowing. She whimpered, then finally cried out in wonder and desire when she came to the ecstatic moment she had never known before. Her hips met his with a sweet violence that reached into Mike's heart and captured him forever.

They spent hours in the hay, murmuring words of love, fondling each other and making love. Mike promised to come after her in the spring, when foaling time was past. Her uncle and aunt would demand at least that much time.

It was a long winter for Mike Randall. The ever-present vision and memory of Anne stayed with him, the sweetness of her lips, the tawny loveliness of which he'd never get enough. But Spring finally came and he would at last be with Anne again. On the eve of his departure for Sequin Spring, the Comanches rode through and stole Sultan, his prize stallion, his future security for himself and Anne Grunly, cursing, Mike had followed the Indians nearly three hundred miles.

Now he breathed a silent prayer of thanks that the Indians had stolen his stallion. It made him weak to think of what would have happened to Anne if they hadn't.

Mike clenched his teeth as two Indians led Anne over to Digger Webb. The big Comanche, who seemed to be the leader, ripped Anne's torn dress off with a single jerk, then her underclothes, leaving her naked. She tried to hide herself with her hands but the Indian slapped her hands away.

She was helpless, but she stood quietly, her slim body straight and pointed breasts outthrust and proud. She stared straight at Webb, and Mike knew that her blue eyes were unafraid, defiant, promising a hard time for Digger Webb.

"Hold on, honey," Mike whispered. "Hold on, don't make them kill you."

Webb was licking his mouth, drooling at the sight of her slender, rounded beauty. He reached for her but the Comanche blocked him. Mike noticed the quick exchange of looks among the Indians at Webb's reaction to Anne's nakedness; the price on her had just gone up.

In sign language, Webb said: "I want to see if she's unharmed."

"She is as we found her," the Comanche signaled. "But look."

The Comanche stepped aside and

— turn to page 16

Anne



"Quick, Harry, start giving me dictation — here comes your wife!"



"Hush up,
Honeyman"



"Men are too darned stubborn. Even when they do what you want, they don't do it the way you want."

FIVE MONTHS AGO blonde, blue-eyed Linda

Lambert left the comfort of family and friends in Tennessee to come to Los Angeles. What makes a 21-year-old beauty decide to strike out on her own? Ambition? Love of excitement? No. Says Linda: "The men folk there are too darned stubborn. Even when they do what you want, they won't do it the way you want. Oh my, I'm not saying what I mean."

She lit a cigarette and sent smoke up at the ceiling. "Like, take this boy I was going with in Nashville—blonde, tall and hard as nails, just the way I like them. Well, he'd let me pick a movie I wanted to see, but then he'd find the seats way down in front. Or I'd coax him to take me to a special dance, and then he'd dance only to the slow tunes." Linda heaved a sigh of exasperation. "Worst part came after the movies or the dances. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a talking man. When a girl's itching to cuddle and be close it's frustratin' to be with some long-winded guy who thinks he's an orator." Linda paused, embarrassed. "I reckon I'm talking too much, but I just don't like talkers, if you know what I mean."

Linda's hobby (outside of meeting non-talkative men-folk) is learning new dances. She hopes to land a dancing job in L.A. and find a cooperative, silent type of man. We suspect that her 37-24-37 assets will fetch both her goals.





"Clown Town" serves up a swinging kind of sex, but the menu lists some strange dishes—perhaps a bit too strange

THE SICK CHICKS OF HOLLYWOOD

AS YOU APPROACH THE city limits of Los Angeles, you can literally smell the miasma of corruption rising from the town. (Social scientists, in league with City Sanitation Experts, call it smog, but that's a shuck, baby.) You have to be some kind of a nut, a bit of a wrongo, to come to Hollywood to live. If you're seventy-three years old and subsisting on a pension from

the company, then it's feasible and rational to want to live out your remaining days in, say, Del Webb's Sun City. But if you're young, hungry, and have anything at all on the ball, and you want to make it, coming to Hollywood rather than New York, San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans, Paris, Rome or Geneva is a sign you're off-center somehow—turn the page

by ELLIS HART



HOLLYWOOD, from page 11
sway. Yet every year they come. The sick, the twisted, the dark and the cynical.

Particularly the girls

There are more beautiful girls in Hollywood than perhaps any other town in this country, with the possible exceptions of San Francisco or New York. But Hollywood's dole of women are drawn from a strange melting-pot, including bits and pieces of foul matter, along with rich, ripe meat. The warped make it here; the odd; the peculiar; the beaten-down; and those who like to be beaten-up. The lovely and the lascivious; the rich and the rabid; the star-struck and the sin-smitten. They flock to the beehive apartments dotting the Sunset Strip and they glisten-gleam-glow in the never-dimming corona of reflected glamour.

There are many types of women here, no two precisely alike. Borne on vagrant winds and Greyhound busses, they soon assume the coloration and mannerisms of the town,

and are soon indistinguishable from last year's crop and batch of pretties. In the following pages I will attempt, however, to acquaint you with six species of Hollywood women found nowhere else in this country. Six types of torment that fester and grow fat in the vanilla California weather, that lend their specific brands of disenchantment to the makeup, perverse Clown Town scene. Pay attention, particularly if you want an updating of Dante.

THE HOLLYWOOD HOOKER:

Something very disquiet in her nature, something vaguely alien and repugnant despite the gloss and sheen of comeliness, that separates her from her turf-working sisters in other cities. She comes on hard as a keg of sixpenny spikes, but beneath it there is a pathetic naïvete that gives her away. She hangs out in restaurant-bars like Durando's or The Melody Room or The Golden Violin. She wears skintight capri (generally of calf or gold lame) and high heels. They look like hell,

but she's been told it shows off her backside, and after all, it's the trade she sees, not the approbation of the American Society of Designers. Her conversation is shallow and her demeanor is touchingly direct. Only in this town can a hooker get away with saying, "Hey, y'wanna get some action?" and not be looked at by her trick as though she had snapped a spring.

But at that point, all resemblance to professional girls of other cities vanishes. Because the Hollywood hooker has spoiled her tricks. She cannot perform like the streetwalkers of New York—those glorious available courtesans who can not only carry on a bed-scene, but an intelligent conversation if need be. Her faculties are dimmed and damned up by her traumas, by the psychoses that brought her to live here. She has devised a type of bedroom activity known far and wide as osculatory affection. It is a surrogate for sex, but she has managed to convince the johns that it is the greatest thing since chopped liver. So she gets away with it. The Hollywood hooker couldn't make a dime in one of the more sophisticated cities. In Manhattan her stock would be worth nothing, and in Chicago, where rough and tumble is the rule, she would be used for a pin-cushion her first night out. And she over-charges.

THE PARTY SWINGER:

Fresh in from Coshocton, Ohio and she refuses to believe Hollywood is just like any other town. After all, didn't she see "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Bad And The Beautiful"? She knows better. After a while she's been to a Holmby Hills party and has had someone play "horsey" with her a la "Dolce Vita." So she knows better... and she's ready to be taken.

She's a sucker for a line. Any line. But specifically, the hokey patois of the phoney bopster, the hippie who wears Continental clothes, and paisley handkerchiefs in his breast pocket. To her, an MG is a status symbol, and as long as she can see it shining in the moonlight beside her bower, she doesn't mind lying down in the tall grass on Mulholland Drive. She'll be taken by that line—but not that guy—a hundred times. She wears her hair in the "blonness" or "forward flip" hairstyle (this season) and makes it her business to get the business from anyone who says "I'm in the business." The business referred to of course, is The Industry. The moon pitchfork blizzies, cha cha cha!



"Don't mind me, I'm going to take a little nap and I always sleep nude."

She can be conned by the prop man on an already-cancelled television series, because he just might know someone.

She hangs out in Schwab's drug store because she heard Lana Turner got discovered there thirty years ago. She shops at the little specialty shops, the boutiques, because they have kookie clothes that will make her stand out when she goes to the after-hours parties up in Beverly Glen or out at Malibu. She body-surf, because that's where the young golden boys hang out daytime, and in the evenings you'll see her sitting tanned and young and lovely on the patio of The Plush Pup on the Strip. But if you open that beautiful head, you'll find a skulldugger of spiders, because she's twisted. She's in love with a dream-image of the world, and it has no room in it for realities.

Inevitably, she'll sink into depression knowing she's living on a whirligig, and she'll cry for hometown and family, but she can't go back. Not so much because she'll look the failure when she arrives at the station, after all these wild-eyed hopes of a bright future she ained when she left, but because she is very liberally and literally hooked. As one young has-been-was starlet recently put it, "I've got a celluloid monkey on my back." Not very funny or original, but certainly a truism. When she has sunk far enough into self-pity, sordid thoughts and depression to make Medusa look like Margaret O'Brien (which is the stage at which you, poor soul, will probably meet her), she'll use a Gillette Blue Blade on her wrists and ankles, or stick her head in the oven.

If you visit a buddy living in Hollywood, this is the chick he'll probably call to fix you up. Ayoyd her; there are easier ways to die.

THE D.P.

Comes from New York. Sorry to put down the Big Town, even by inference, but this chick is a Displaced Person from the Apple. She usually winds up living in a bohemian pad out in Hermosa Beach or in Pasadena or some other godawful location where "I won't be tainted by the Hollywood atmosphere." She's a bore. In conversation as well as in bed. She makes you work for your action, and when you've got it, you wonder why you bothered. It's all very cerebral.

She's the sort of broad who dresses down, so she won't clash with her frazzled friends. Slightly redolent ski slacks, open-toed sandals

from Sandals Primarily, an expensive but baggy sweater that camouflages her bosom (she pulled the garment out of shape purposely, she doesn't want the sort of man who digs her for her physical attributes alone; that's you and me), and no underwear.

She loathes the word beatnik and will bristle if you use it, even humorously. She'll tell you the word is a figment of Henry Luce's imagination. She may be right.

She'll give you a handful of soggy philosophy, used bits and pieces of esoterica from obscure novels, triple-laden snippets of Existential French poetry, and dare you to be a boor. If you come on like a truck driver and call her literary idols jerks, she's just as likely to consider you a Natural Man Untouched By Coarse Society as she is to boot you out the door.

But mostly she'll tell you how she hates Hollywood and loves New York. The only hook is that New York bounced her. She's a D.P., all

right. Because they have guards posted at the Holland Tunnel — to keep her out!

THE FADING MOVIE QUEEN, VARIETY "E"

She did time in half a dozen Warner Brothers epics, fifteen years ago, and the scene has passed her by. But after tasting the flesh of grandeur, she must force-feed herself on the garbage of anonymity and degradation.

And that makes for a soggy lover-partner. She lives in a rundown cheap apartment, but laughs it off and dusts it off by lying to you and herself that she's only there temporarily, till the pool at the House is drained and scoured. She hasn't the sense to either die or get a decent job, so she lives moment to moment, frustration to frustration, dollar to dollar. She wears a \$3.98 "hat-wig" made of Orlon, because her frosted hair is growing out, the roots are black, and she hasn't the bread to get another bleach job.

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Adam



"Your lawyer knows how lonely it can be without you,
so he's moved in with me."



JOUST KIDDING

George Smith teases Robert Dougherty from his steed as they joust in a Philadelphia park. The two "knights" were part of a publicity stunt to raise funds for the local Easter Seal campaign. Whatever happened to Easter egg hunts?



PANTIES ON PARADE

Flying a banner of lingerie along Rome's Via Veneto, this pretty "model" celebrates "Student's Day." She stopped motorists to collect funds for charity.



Adam's

"A DOG'S LIFE????"

What's wrong with that? "Little" Egypt, television and night club entertainer, looks more like "Ampie" Egypt as she poses with her pet pooch for the American Pet Products Association in New York. "Bow-wow!"



FURRY FEMME

In another sketch at Paris' Moulin Rouge, "Gus-selle" displays fur, jewels, and a few other reasons why she was chosen to portray a court lady in Cleopatra's Egypt.



PAYOLA??

No, this Italian suds isn't bribing the *cameriere* (policeman). Actually, this romantic mood is the only authentic thing in the photo. The "cop" and his girl are film extras on location.



SWING MAN, SWING!

Jeanne Vincent has a real swinging partner in *Vierge du Feu* (Vigil of the Fire). This sizzling opener stars the new show at Paris' famed Moulin Rouge. There's no concern about a drop in attendance—just a drop of Jeanne.

'round-the-world

HOT SPOT

Jeanne Vincent proves that Paris' Moulin Rouge is the city's leading hot spot. Jeanne's tickle-tlong style requires the presence of a snowman (left) to keep the audience cool.



SOMEBODY CALL A PLUMBER!

No, Bonnie Geogiaida's pipes didn't spring a leak. She simply forgot to remove her bonnet before splashing with other Florida mermaids at a Florida beach resort. She got a mouthful, as well as a handful, of the blue Atlantic.



Lothar Ashley's Memo Pad

Now that autumn's dawn near officially here, the days grow shorter and shorter, and—Oh, unhappy time!—the girls start donning more and more clothing. Indeed, this is the beginning of the sad season for red-blooded girl-watchers. True, there are just as many sweet chicks around as ever, and hay-rides and sleigh-rides may be loads of fun, but those bulky sweaters and parkas just can't do justice to a gal's charms the way a bikini can. And speaking of bikinis it was estimated this past summer that the average two-piece woman's swim suit covered approximately 400 square inches of skin, leaving some 3100 square inches exposed. Next year, according to certain designers, those intriguing numbers will be even more disproportionate... Imagine what ten years may bring! Who says the future is gloomy? Not us... If you have ever listened in while a group of gals were yakking to one another, you may have been reminded of a bunch of monkeys chattering. Well, history supports your impression. Our Research Department tells us that when the strange little animal was first imported from Africa to Italy, the peasants were stuck, momentarily, for a name for it. Then someone hit upon the word *moniechi*, a derisive term meaning roughly "a prattling female." In English, the word *moniechi* became *monkey*... Mmmmm—wonder what "porile" means? And then there's "chimp"—but perhaps we should be kind; the gals' may start their own researching... We ran across this one on the marquee of a fifth-run movie-house in an obscure part of town: LET'S MAKE LOVE and WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER. Sounds like a couple badly in need of either a marriage counselor or a good divorce attorney.

CAPTIVE, from page 6

the others gathered around, talking, laughing. Mike watched them making all kinds of lewd gestures at Webb and Anne. They weren't fools. They knew that a little fondling now on Webb's part would lower his resistance to a higher price.

It was all Mike could do to restrain himself as Webb's filthy hands moved over Anne's smooth body, prodding and fondling her. Suddenly he ran his hand between her thighs.

It was more than Anne could endure. Cat quick, she swung a small, hard fist squarely into Webb's eye. The hulking man reeled back with a grunt of surprise, but Anne wasn't through with him. She screamed in pure outrage, and went after him, nails raking his face, her knee plunging at his groin, snatching with tiger fury at his matted beard. Webb bawled in pain, trying to fight her off. The Indians howled with laughter, shouting choked advice at Webb. Two of them rolled on the ground, convulsed with laughter at the way the white woman was beating the man.

Digger Webb was a tough, merciless man. It was only the very fury and unexpectedness of her attack that had caught him off guard. Mike cocked his rifle, just in case. If Webb lost his temper he was a dead man.

But Mike didn't have to fire. When Webb, with a roar of rage, plunged at Anne, the big Comanche stopped him with a knife-point at the belly; Webb backed off.

"She is not yours yet," the Comanche signed at Webb. "Beat her when she is yours"—he grinned—"if you can! The price for this wildcat is four loads of goods and twenty rifles. I may keep her for myself."

Webb didn't like that, but he stiffed his rage. The other Indians joined in the demands. The bargaining grew hot and heavy, and Webb's animal desire for the girl was plain to see. It was going to cost him. Anne sank to the ground, using a blanket to cover her nakedness. The Indians ignored her.

Mike knew that this was his chance to get closer; he'd need every scrap of advantage he could get. He slid back and forced himself to crawl slowly, skillfully over the hot, rocky ground. Anne was safe for the next few minutes.

When the bargaining was done and the price was set at four loads of goods and ten rifles, Mike was fifty feet away, at the very edge of the cleared space of the camp, and the last effective cover. The Indians were at point blank range now, but the odds were still too great. He

would never get more than two, possibly three, before they made cover. Then the end would be sure and quick for himself and Anne.

He watched three Indians run for the horse herd, then return mounted, leading four extra horses. Apparently Anne was to stay in camp until Digger Webb delivered the goods.

Webb mounted, glared at the Indians, then at Anne. "You won't I get hold of you, you little bitch," he said. "I aim to teach you some manners." His voice was thick with wanting her.

"You can't teach me anything, you stinking animal," Anne said. She never looked more beautiful to Mike as she stared in defiant contempt at Webb, her eyes flashing, breasts heaving.

Webb and the three Indians rode off and when they were out of sight, the big Comanche signaled at a warrior. "Follow them. Stay out of sight and watch for trouble. Watch for men who might send to take the woman." The scout got his horse and rode away after Webb and the three Indians.

Mike was jubilant. The odds had fallen to three. But suddenly his jubilance drained away as he listened to the burst of talk among the three remaining Indians.

They thought it would be a good joke on Webb if they all had the woman before he got back. They had brought unspoiled goods as promised, but Webb had thought the Comanches liars. They shouted with laughter at the way the white woman had beat him, and made lewd remarks as to how she should have removed his manhood. They came back to the idea of having Anne, and this time they were less merry. They would play the bone game and decide who would take her first. What could Webb do? They were seven to one. Webb would more than likely send cowboys to take the woman for nothing, in which case, they would have to cut her throat anyway.

They began digging in their sacks for individual lucky bones with which to win their turns at the woman. Anne couldn't speak Comanche but she instinctively sensed what they were up to. She sat up, clutching the blanket and torn dress to her breasts, her eyes wide in sudden fright.

Mike cursed helplessly. To move would betray him, and the first shot would send the Indians hurtling like rabbits for cover. If one escaped in this rugged terrain, he was certain to pick off Anne or Mike Randall. And

he couldn't fire now with Anne directly in his line of fire. He'd have to wait until they moved.

The Indians brought out their lucky bones and the game began. It didn't take long. The big Comanche won first go, a small, skinny Indian the second place. The big one taunted the others, and all three gathered around Anne. The winner reached down to snatch away the blanket and dress. Anne tried to run, but she was borne kicking and biting to the ground under the big Comanche.

The two other Indians hovered over them, yelling advice. Anne fought grimly, lips peeled back in a snarl of frightened desperation. The Comanche subdued her brutally,

himself and grabbed up his rifle. Mike had to shoot him again. The second Comanche was almost to cover before Mike brought him down with two bullets.

The big one was trying to tear loose from Anne, but she locked her legs around him, threw her arms around his neck, buried her teeth in his ear and hung on grimly. The big Indian flamed furiously, screaming with rage and alarm as he tried to reach his knife. Mike sprinted across the short space, swinging his rifle.

With final brutal strength, the Comanche tore free of Anne just as Mike swung the rifle in a flat arc. The Indian's head seemed to explode in a pulpy red mass under the driv-

"I—I didn't know who was shooting. I—just held on..."

"You did fine, honey. If you hadn't I'd never had got them all."

After awhile, he helped her get into the torn dress, tied it together. She was suddenly blushing. "I—I hope we don't meet anybody!"

Mike grinned. "I'll try to make sure of it! We got a long ride home. It ought to be a lot more enjoyable than the ride to here."

She buried her face against his neck. "I'll try to help you make sure it is, Mike, darling!"

Mike cut the hobbles on the Indian ponies, singling out Sultan, his prize stallion. "My other horse is about a quarter mile back. You can ride him and I'll ride Sultan. But first I want to leave a surprise for Digger Webb."

Anne watched with interest as Mike selected sticks and arranged them in a pattern near the burned down fire. He dragged the small Indian near the stick, leaving his outstretched hand over the last of them. Then Mike removed his knife sheath from his belt, tore out a loop to make it appear that the sheath was torn free. He heated a blunted steel arrowtip in the fire's coals and burned a "W" on the sheath, the same brand he'd noticed on Webb's horse. He then folded the Indians stiffening fingers around the sheath with the brand exposed.

He stood up. "That should do it." "I don't understand, Mike."

"When Indians have to leave a place where others will come, they use bones or sticks to explain what happened, where they'll be, and so on. That sheath has Webb's brand on it, and it'll look like he sent men to take you and kill them. The sticks left by the dying Indian will tell the others that men are waiting to kill them at the pass. You came through it coming here, and the Comanches would normally go back that way. They won't now, but we will."

"If—if they read it that way they'll..." Her eyes got wide and round.

"They will," Mike said. "They didn't trust Webb anyway. They'll be the maddest Indians you ever saw. The odds are four to one. They'll roast Webb over a slow fire, or skin him alive. He's needed it for a long time."

He picked Anne up in his arms, kissed her. "Come on, honey, we're going home."

Her eyes were tender as she pressed against him. "Home. But—we won't hurry?"

"Only just until tonight," he said grinning.

Anne



then she was suddenly motionless with his knife-point at her throat. The other two taunted the big one who could not take a skinny white woman without a knife.

The big one, thoroughly aroused now and straddling Anne's naked body, snarled back at them. He pulled his breechclout aside, pried her thighs apart. He forced her abruptly, bringing a cry of pain. He tossed aside his knife, began working at his pleasure.

The other two jumped around for a better view of the proceedings, giving Mike his chance. He shot the small one first, and in his fury almost missed. The bullet knocked the small Indian around, but he righted

ing force of the heavy barrel. He flounced to the ground, and thrashed briefly.

Mike trembled violently, his breath coming in labored gasps. He sank down beside Anne who was staring at him, unable to believe her eyes, wiping at her bloody lips.

"Mike?" she quavered. "Mike!"

"It's all right, honey. You're safe now."

She hurried herself into his arms, crying uncontrollably now, crying his name over and over. He held her closely, stroking her smooth body, kissing her, murmuring words of love. She quieted enough to kiss him fiercely, her arms tight around his neck.



The Evidence Was All Against
Her, But Tempestuous Trudy
Was Innocent—Well, Almost

Bad Day at Tonkawa

"EVERYBODY STAND UP. The Third District Court of Tonkawa County is now in session, Judge Elroy H. Caldwell, presiding. This here's the case of the people versus Gertrude Osborne, and there'll be—"

"Oh, hell, George, we know all that!"

"—and there'll be no smokin', spittin', or drinkin' in this courtroom. Them as has lunche'll have to eat 'em outside." George Appling, bailiff and court reporter, sat down on an up-ended case of Campbell's Pork & Beans and picked up his Big Chief writing tablet.

It was April, and all the front windows of Griffith's Mercantile Store had been
—turn the page

by RICHARD MAXWELL



"That's a damn lie!" Trudy said fiercely. "Them sneaky bastards are trying to railroad me!"

TONKAWA, from page 18

thrown open to the brilliant morning. Beyond the sunny glare of Tonkawa's dusty street, a row of silver birch and pecan and ash trees marked Cedar Creek, and it took only a little imagination to hear the quick leap of trout and see the cool shadowed circles ripple outward.

The store was crowded. Folding metal chairs had been brought over from the school lunchroom and set up among the dynamic pyramids of canned chili and washday soap. Having arrived earliest, the ladies had the front seats. Some of them brought knitting or petitpoint, and a few men stood in the rear, a few spilled out on the plank sidewalk where they drank Cokes laced with whisky poured from flat brown bottles hidden under the front seats of their pick-up trucks.

Trudy Osborne sat tensely on the edge of her chair, her knees together and her hands in her lap. She was a deeply tanned, leggy girl; her brown eyes were huge and round. Her mouth was sweet and saucy, and her big round breasts had a staggering tilt and thrust. She had the lumber waist and flat tummy of a swimmer, and under a tight tangled cap of sun-bleached curls, a delicate, angelic face, bronzed and innocent. She wondered if they hanged women. Or just kinda boiled 'em in oil,

or what. She glanced anxiously at the five men rowed along the front of the meat counter and defiantly stuck her tongue out at them.

Stately, plump Judge Caldwell sauntered down the aisle and lowered himself with vast dignity into the monstrous armchair that had been placed behind the checking counter. He looked faintly like a beardless Santa Claus, a man with milk-white hair and a cherubic smile whose glacial eyes could nonetheless drill small green holes in pompous attorneys. He had read most of his law before the turn of the century, and conducted the most unorthodox court since Judge Roy Bean, but the people of Tonkawa re-elected him regularly because they knew a fair man when they saw one. He cleared his throat and rapped heavily on the counter-top with his gnarled walking stick. "This court will come to order. John, I reckon you'll read the charges and specifications."

"Certainly, your honor." John T. Ages, the prosecuting attorney, rose and smiled engagingly at his audience. He was thin, nervous, excitable, politically ambitious, and ulcerated. His courtroom manner was an imitation of Orson Wells doing and imitating of Clarence Darrow. He was the best dressed man in Tonkawa, and always stood with his chin slightly raised and his left arm

held rather awkwardly against the front of his coat, as if posed for a snapshot.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in hushed tones, "the good people of Tonkawa, in outrage at the most heinous of crimes, will prove—"

"You ain't pleading the case now, John," the judge said. "Just state the charges."

"Oh, Yes, of course." He consulted the brief on his desk. "The prosecution intends to prove that one Gertrude Osborne, the defendant, did, on or about the fifteenth of March last, commit assault with a deadly weapon and do great bodily harm to the persons of the five individuals herein named. Further, we will prove that the aforementioned assault was undertaken with malicious and premeditated intent, and did cause much physical damage and great mental anguish. Further, we will prove that the defendant is of morally reprehensible character, of obscenely wanton nature, and incapable of conducting her affairs or acting in a seemly manner."

The ladies along the front row broke into a smattering of applause. Trudy Osborne jumped to her feet. "Thass a damn lie, you smart-ass son of a bitch!"

"Order!" the judge roared, banging his stick against the counter. "Now, Trudy, you behave yourself! It ain't sittin' you should talk to the prosecution like that!"

George Applin, the bailiff, looked up from his writing tablet. "How do you spell re-pre-whatver-it-was?"

The judge said, "Trudy, you let Oliver there do the talking. That's what he's for. You accept the wording of the charge, Oliver?"

"I can't spell 'malicious', either," George said gloomily.

Oliver Ogletree, the defense attorney, rose unsteadily to his feet. He was a tall, somber man, awkwardly built, with knees, elbows and ears sticking out in all directions. His head, large in proportion to the rest of him, was noticeably pointed at the crown, and he had the long, sad, rumitative and unmistakable face of a sheep. He had drunk one quart of gin every day of his adult life. The water pitcher at his elbow was not filled with water.

"Y'honor, I'd like to move that this case be dismissed."

"How come, Oliver?"

"Well, it's just plain silly that a little ole gal like Trudy could assault five grown men, that's how come."

The judge turned and gazed thoughtfully at the five young men ranged in front of the meat cooler.

Adam



"Good morning . . . I trust you enjoyed the movie last night!"

They looked like victims of some terrible disaster. Plaster casts bound various arms and legs; bandages swathed heads and hands. They stared forlornly back at the judge.

"Reckon it ain't so silly," he said, "seeing them. Call your first witness, John."

The first witness was Miss Agnes Keeley, a lean and bony maid of some sixty years who had a hairline mustache and a nervous tic in her left cheek. She settled into the chair and smacked her lips with the satisfaction of a party-line gossip.

"Well, it was a Wednesday," she said, in answer to Agee's opening question. "I remember 'cause I was walking home that night from the church social, you know, right along that road south of the creek. Well sir, I heard the awfullest commotion out in the brush, like somebody was being murdered..."

"Objection," Oliver said, sipping from his water glass.

"Just tell what you saw, Agnes," the judge said.

"Well, what I saw was young Ted Hansen there—" she pointed to one of the bandaged men "—come tearing out of the woods like Satan his own self was after him. He was nekkid as a egg!" She paused dramatically at this revelation, and the knitting needles along the front rows clicked faster. "Well, it was bright moonlight, plain as day, and young Teddy was holding—" she paused and blushed dimly "—he was kinda protectin' hisself, and a-screamin'. 'Don't, Trudy! Gawdamighty, don't!' And right in behind him was that husky Trudy..."

"Objection!"

"—Osborne, with something that looked like a knife in her hand, and she was yelling that she was going to—well, he wouldn't be no man when she got through!"

John T. Agee smiled. "And how was Miss Osborne dressed?"

Agnes snorted. "Nekkid as the day she was born. They run down the road a piece, yelling and screaming, and that's the last I saw of 'em."

Oliver drained his water glass. "Agnes, did you see Trudy use that 'knife' on Hansen, or touch him in any way?"

"Well, no, but—"

"That's all."

Trudy nudged Oliver and whispered. "And I didn't either, 'cause I couldn't catch the sneaky bastid. He got all bunged up like that when he run clean through a bob wire fence."

Old man Svenson, next on the witness stand, testified that he had been running a trout-line in the

creek when two of the unfortunate young men swam by him in a churning wake. Behind them, he said, and gaining at every stroke, was Trudy Osborne, yelling that she was going to disembowel them with a fish knife. Lennie Griffith, the store owner, said that Trudy got one of them tred behind his house and threw rocks at the poor fellow for most an hour.

The five young men, solemnly and in turn, testified that they had been innocently indulging in a moonlight swim when they were viciously attacked by the formidable Trudy. They knew of no reason for the attack, they said, but since Miss Osborne was largely in a state of undress, it seemed reasonable that they had unwittingly interrupted her when she was engaged in activities that no morally upright young lady would consider proper.

"Thass a dama lie!" Trudy whispered fiercely to Oliver. "It weren't that way a-tall. Them s-s-sneaky b-bastids are trying to railroad me!" She snuffed against his shoulder.

Oliver scratched his jaw thoughtfully and refilled his glass. "Now why would they do that? You tellin' me the whole truth, ain't you, hon?"

"Course. They just got sompin' real cruddy in mind and I dunno

why."

"Miss Gertrude Osborne!" the prosecutor roared.

When Trudy took the stand, the knitting needles faltered and stitches dropped almost audibly into the frozen silence. Old maid mouths pursed in spinster contraction at the brown luteness of Trudy's legs, at the wholly inadequate white summer dress that tugged above the knees when she sat down. Men in the rear shuffled their brogans and gazed from under lowered brows from Trudy to their wives and back again.

John T. Agee struck his snapshot pose. "Tell us your name, please, and where you live."

"Trudy Osborne, and you know dama well where I live—in that ole house on daddy's forty acres south of town."

"Are your parents living?"

"You know they ain't, Mr. Agee. You was daddy's lawyer..."

"You live alone, then?"

"Course."

The prosecutor smiled blandly. "Then you can pursue your immoral ways without interference, is that correct?"

"Objection!" Oliver shouted.

Agee winked at his audience. "I withdraw that... Isn't it true, Miss

—turn to page 36



"What ELSE do men do at conventions?"



English

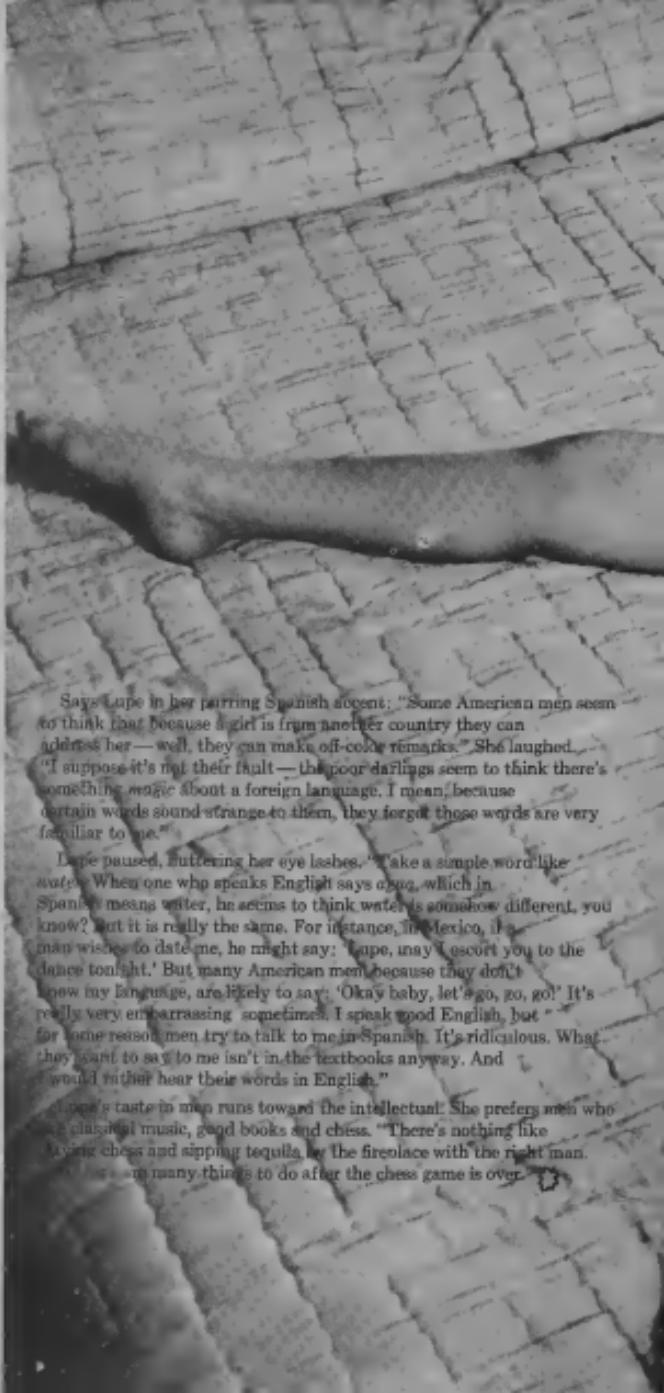
EVER SINCE HER arrival in Hollywood from Mexico City, lovely Lupe Lopez has kept California's male population in an uproar. No matter where she displays her luscious 36-21-36 curves, the results are distracting—car horns toot, fenders crumble, passersby collide. Her only complaint is that her many would-be suitors judge from her accent that she speaks very little English. Actually, the reverse is true. She does retain a Latin tone in her speech, but she is intimately acquainted with the subtlest of English phrases.



h, Por Favor

A kook on the subject of language, luscious Lupe likes the intellectual kind of man

"What they want to say
to me isn't in
the textbooks...
I would rather hear
their words in English"



Says Lupe in her purring Spanish accent: "Some American men seem to think that because a girl is from another country they can address her—well, they can make off-color remarks." She laughed. "I suppose it's not their fault—the poor darlings seem to think there's something *magic* about a foreign language. I mean, because certain words sound strange to them, they forget those words are very familiar to me."

Lupe paused, fluttering her eye lashes. "Take a simple word like *water*. When one who speaks English says *agua*, which in Spanish means water, he seems to think water is somehow different, you know? But it is really the same. For instance, in Mexico, if a man wishes to date me, he might say: 'Lupe, may I escort you to the dance tonight.' But many American men, because they don't know my language, are likely to say: 'Okay baby, let's go, go, go!' It's really very embarrassing sometimes. I speak good English, but for some reason men try to talk to me in Spanish. It's ridiculous. What they want to say to me isn't in the textbooks anyway. And I would rather hear their words in English."

Lupe's taste in men runs toward the intellectual. She prefers men who play classical music, good books and chess. "There's nothing like playing chess and sipping tequila by the fireplace with the right man. There are so many things to do after the chess game is over."





MACAO:
*Oriental
Pleasure*
Port

by MYRON LENCH

Rich in exotic sounds, sights, and sex, Macao holds the answer to the wildest of desires.

TAKE FIVE SQUARE

miles of sultry Oriental scenery, pack it with women, cut their tight-fitting silk dresses thigh-high, add 400 years of Latin influence, mix in a past straight out of Terry and the Pirates, a beeping of lush gambling facilities, luxury hotels, a dog race track, a major Grand Prix event, call the main drag the Avenue of Happiness, name it Macao—and stand back!

You've whipped up a dish not every man can handle.

Macao, a somewhat tarnished jewel in Portugal's diminishing empire, is located on mainland China on the sunny side of the "Bamboo Curtain." Despite their long rule, the Portuguese have wisely left untouched a basic Oriental house rule: "Woman finds her pleasure in the pleasure of man."

For instance, a meal at a restaurant on the Rua da Felicidade (Avenue of Happiness) begins with a gentleman's hands being washed with hot perfumed towels by a young, smiling girl, who does her job so well you are likely to forget what you were about to order. But then the girl who serves your meal will make you forget about the girl with the scented towel.

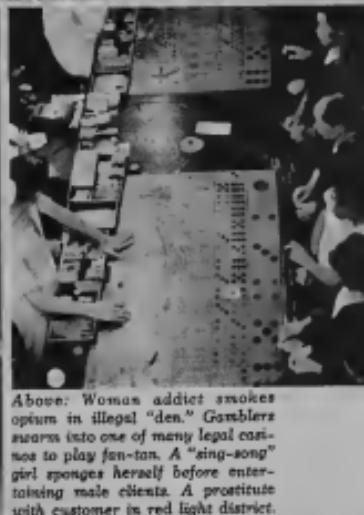
At the gaming tables, a very feminine croupier will tend to your bankroll. Even the losers walk away smiling.

On the way back to your hotel you'll get more propositions than the Ford Foundation. The largest part of Macao's population is apparently composed of "very young, very sweet" virgin sisters.

You will also receive invitations to attend "exhibitions" of the type not likely to be running at your neighborhood theater. Show biz in Macao makes an American sing party look like an old Shirley Temple film.

Room service at your hotel, like Portuguese cooking, is also likely to be on the spicy side.

If your analyst has told you that
—turn the page



Above: Woman addict smokes opium in illegal "den." Gamblers swarm into one of many legal casinos to play jai-alai. A "sing-song" girl sponges herself before entertaining male clients. A prostitute with customer in red light district.



MACAO, from page 27

you've got a strong masochistic streak, send for a masseuse. Don't let her dainty appearance fool you. Burning inside that delicate body are the fires of Genghis Khan, and in her fingers, the strength of his horse.

Your groaning does nothing to arouse pity in her heart or alter the smile on her face. For a finale, your masseuse will probably tread on your back with tiny, but educated, feet capable of finding pain areas you didn't know you had.

The funny thing is that by the time the little torturer bows her way out the door you've never felt better in your life.

fulfillment of man's pleasure. For openers the sing-song girl must be exquisitely beautiful. From early childhood she is trained in the feminine arts of music, storytelling, games and other entertainments.

All of this so that when you check into a hotel, you can choose her picture from an album for a night of unforgettable bliss.

The girls are more than polite, but they're not putting you on. They are deeply honored that you, an exalted man, has deigned to bestow your presence upon them.

That old joke of yours, that was apt to be yawned at back in the States, will be met with all the hy-

what she is she regards not as a gift to herself to be used to her advantage. Rather her gifts are a rightful possession of man.

Not all of the hotels offer this sing-song girl service, but no visitor need do without. Most of the girls live on the Rua da Felicidade. They sit on stools at their front doors, surrounded by their affable families. The sing-song girl may be entertaining the group. Stroll over and you will invariably be invited to join the party. As always, the sing-song girl is at your disposal.

Before concluding that Macao is all laughter and sunshine, be informed that there is a side murk with dark intrigue—bigtime smuggling and opium dens. This is not what it once was, but some of Macao's shady past still lingers on.

The opium dens have taken on a speakeasy status and are not to be found by the casual tourist.

There are no restrictions on gold flow in Macao, as there is just about everywhere else, so there is much trade in this metal illicitly brought from other countries. The gold trade brings with it representatives of the international underworld and Macao asks no questions, allowing a certain amount of the profits to rub off legally.

The Hollywood version of Macao—an inscrutable Chinese killer behind every door, a pirate queen on every junk, and a corpse in every alley—does not in reality hold true. Macao, however, is not Dubuque, Iowa.

The great Macaoan pastime is gambling, particularly fan-tan.

Gambling facilities are held as a monopoly in Macao under franchise from the Portuguese government. Until last year the facilities were all housed under the dilapidated roof of the Hotel Central. It is called a hotel although almost all space is devoted to games of chance. Four casinos are maintained on different floors. The higher you go in the building, the higher the stakes and the less shabby by the elbows you rub.

The Hotel Central is now going out and being replaced with more plush substitutes. The reason for the face-lift is Stanley Ho, a Hong Kong businessman, whose syndicate acquired the gambling monopoly at the beginning of 1962.

According to Mr. Ho: "Our casinos will be Las Vegas style, including TV to watch the croupiers in action. Monte Carlo is too old-fashioned to imitate."

In exchange for the franchise, Mr. Ho promised the Portuguese his syndicate would construct four gambling



Macao's plumbing facilities may not be the most modern, but a hot bath can be had. Here, a sing-song girl readies herself for her nightly duties.

About now you might call room service and ask for the catalog. A hotel official will bring a bound volume to your room. As you leaf through it you'll be gazing at the finest Macao has to offer: the "sing-song" girls. Sears-Roebuck was never like this.

Each girl in the album is numbered like a club sandwich. Pick a number. Take two, they're small.

You make your selection and are assured that your choice was wise.

After about five long minutes, there is a soft knock at your door.

Sing-song girls are the Macaoan version of the Japanese geishas. Theirs is the highest calling: the ful-

terical glee you know it so richly deserves. Your sing-song girl will probably miss the point completely, but because you tell her it's a joke she just can't control herself. By simple logic, a joke is funny, a man is all-knowing, a man told her it was a joke, therefore it deserves her tear-producing laughter.

Perhaps the nicest thing about the sing-song girl is that she is unaffected by her own desirability. Her delicate beauty makes her as attractive as any woman on earth. Since childhood she has been doted on by her family. She has had enough experience with men to know that she could make slaves of them if she chose. Yet

palaces. Two have just been opened.

One casino offers the standard Western games, such as roulette and chemin de fer. Mr. Ho brought Macao its first roulette wheel.

The other, decorated in the style of a Chinese emperor's court, is devoted to the local favorites, featuring the staple of the Macao gambling diet: fan-tan.

Fan-tan was being played in the province when Las Vegas was a cactus bush. It is the favorite of the inhabitants, who before laying down one paten (about 17 cents) will often make a pilgrimage to the Buddhist temple of Kun Yan to roll the loose balls in the mouth of the stone foo dog at the temple's entrance. If the gods aren't paying enough attention, there are drums available for rousing their spirits.

Fan-tan, as played in Macao, is slightly more complicated than flipping a coin. The game starts by placing your money on numbers 1, 2, 3 or 4. On the table there is a large pile of white buttons. An inverted bowl is placed into the pile. The croupier drags the bowl and the buttons trapped underneath away to form a smaller pile. The buttons are then raked away from this pile, four at a time. Finally there are four or less buttons left and those who have selected the correct balance are declared winners. The odds are appropriate to giving the house a slight edge, of course.

For the gambling man who likes to satisfy his vice out-of-doors, a new dog track has been constructed. The dogs are lean and fast greyhounds imported from Australia.

A racing event of a different kind that has caught on big in the Orient is the Macao Grand Prix. Held each November, through selected avenues in Macao, the race has been attracting men and machines from great distances, and the quality of its contestants has been going up.

Restaurants in Macao can be divided into two categories: Chinese and Portuguese.

Portuguese food tends to be rich, oily and highly seasoned. At its best, as at the Pousada de Macau, it is excellent.

One must be more wary in selecting a Chinese restaurant. Many a Westerner expecting egg roll and chow mein, has found before him a culinary nightmare. At Wui Chun Tong, for example, ask for the gourmet dinner and you will be served Shrimps in Brandy (the shrimps are alive and kicking well into the digestive tract), Snake Eggs (the snake of your choice is killed at the table, its eggs extracted and its blood

drained into a bowl into which some brandy is stirred, and the powerful potion drunk), a main course of Young Monkey with Lotus Seeds (freshly killed monkey brains on the half skull), Honeyed Mice (baby mice), and coffee (just plain old coffee).

There are other Chinese restaurants offering a more standard fare of shark's fin and eggs, turtle soup, baked pigeon and fried frogs.

The local alcoholic beverage is called Shao Sing, which must be the liquid derivative of TNT, and is guaranteed to remove the hair from your chest. Also available at free-port prices are all your back home favorites.

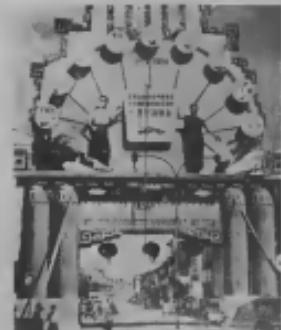
Perhaps the most intriguing of Macao's attractions is a sight that can be seen nowhere else in the free world: a Red Chinese commune going about its anhali business. Macao is the only Western territory bordering on a populated area of China.

For reasons of their own the Reds have allowed Macao to continue an unshamed existence. Although the residents know that they could find themselves citizens of the People's Paradise in a matter of hours if their restless neighbor so desired, there is no anxiety that this will ever come to pass.

Like its nearby British sister, Hong Kong, Macao serves as something of a valve from China to the outside world, for trade and as an outlet for troublesome refugees.

One concession made to the Chinese, and strictly enforced by the Portuguese authorities, is that no photos may be taken of the dreary inhabitants across the Bamboo Curtain.

But probably the main reason for China's "hands-off" policy regarding Macao is that the peppery little province might just be too much for the Red giant to handle.



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When She Finally Went To Bed With Him, Don Learned The Strangest Kind Of Loving

SHE WAS MADE for loving. I saw that the moment she walked into the cafe, cat-graceful with a sensuous sway of hips and a slight jiggle of full breasts. As she passed us on her way to the end of the counter, I nudged Andy's elbow. Coke sloshed on his pants

"Did you see her?" I asked. "The one that just came in?"

He mopped his pants with elaborate care before he looked up.

"You mean the aging school-teacher type? Don, man, this hot spell's getting to you. Or do you need glasses?"

I stared at her again. The invitation of her walk was gone. Sitting there in her high-necked, long-sleeved beige blouse, with her slightly forbidding frown, she looked like she was in active training for some kind of Olympic fragility test

— turn the page

MADE FOR LOVING

by JACQUELINE KENT





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Obviously The Ratings were wrong! Before I go any further, I'd better explain about The Ratings. Just as hand-writing analysts use a man's penmanship to characterize him, I use a girl's walk. If she walks free and easy (as this girl had), with just that erotic jiggle to her breasts, she's an A-Plus. Sexy as hell! If she swings her hips consciously (advertising her stuff, if you get what I mean), she's willing, but it's never the greatest. A-Minus. If she jerks along, thighs tight together, she's an F-Minus, saving it until after she's married—and heaven help the poor S.O.B. she marries! She won't! Naturally there's gradations of all sorts between an A-Plus and an F-Minus.

I'd become a regular connoisseur at Bating. And so far I'd always been right.

The next time she came in, I was coffee-breaking alone. Again she walked with that liquid, sensual glide, but again she wore that protective frown and that drab, long-sleeved blouse.

She sat two seats down from me and ordered iced tea. I slid over the sugar. She ignored it, hiking up her collar so it jabbed at her chin.

"Nice day," I said. "How long do you figure the heat'll last?"

She hunched over her glass, staring off in the opposite direction.

"You're right not to answer," I said. "I'm really a Russian here to spy on capitalistic weather patterns."

And I reached for her cheek.

"Don't..." she said nervously. For the first time she looked me in the face, then her glance skittered down to the green eagle I'd had tattooed on my left hand when I was in the Marines. "But I appreciate the gesture."

The next day she spoke to me first.

Have you ever left a trail of crumbs for a pigeon, holding very still while it hops closer and closer? Well, that's how it was with this girl. If I spoke first, she seemed ready to take flight. But when I let Ellie—that was her name—take the initiative, we became friends. And during coffee-breaks and lunches, I pieced together her past. Her folks'd been small-time carnival people and she'd travelled all over the country, always longing to settle down and live a normal life among normal people. After her folks died, she'd come here to get a job with a big insurance company. I figured the primly cut dresses and the forbidding manner were to make her co-workers forget her past.

Which, I discovered, was half true.

One time, Andy joined our coffee klatch. Ellie kept hitching up her collar. Later Andy sneered, "You're

wasting time, man. Even if you did score with her, which I personally doubt, it'd be like making love to a nervous ice-cube."

She annoyed hell out of me. Ellie did. Every time she came in the cafe, I saw my Rating system crumble. Here was a girl who walked like the sexiest thing since Cleopatra strutted past Antony, and yet who actually seemed afraid to undo the top button of her blouse in 90 degrees Fahrenheit! What the hell did she think she was hiding?

The hot weather continued. I invited her to the beach.

"I never go to the beach," she said, like it was some kind of virtue.

If she hadn't been a riddle I had to solve, I'd have gotten up and walked out, leaving her to pay for my coke.

Instead, I asked: "How about an air-cooled movie Saturday night?"

"I'd like that," she smiled, her lips moist and sultry. For the first time



matching her walk.

Suddenly I couldn't wait for Saturday.

But when I picked her up she was, as usual, armored in school-marmish clothes. After the show I suggested we get a drink somewhere.

"I'd rather not," she replied primly.

I clenched my fists and silently swore that A-Plus walk or no, this was the end.

Then she asked, "Would you like a beer at my place?"

SHE LIVES IN a modern bachelor apartment. While she opened beers and blue-cheese dip, I dimmed the lights and turned on the radio.

We danced, my cheek buried in her soft lemon-scented hair.

When I kissed her, she opened her lips. Surprised, I slipped my hand under her blouse, caressing the smooth warmth of her back, working around to her soft, quivering belly.

With a low moan, she slipped out of my arms. Like a D-Minus—that's a tease.

"Come back, baby," I whispered hoarsely. "Come back to Poppe."

She clicked off the light. Darkness. I thought I heard the slithering of nylon and cotton—packing my way across the black room, I stumbled into the silky heat of her naked body. She pressed against me, murmuring, her breath beating loud in my ear-drum.

Together we sank onto the day bed.

Her prim dresses had hidden full, pulsing breasts, deeply indented waist, a pelvis all fire and quivering softness. Ready, willing. Wanting. Together we climbed higher and higher and higher...

Ellie climbed clear off my Rating charts.

Afterward, I wanted to turn on the light so I could see how lovely she was. I told her so, raising my arm to the switch. She pulled at me with all her weight.

"No... Don, please don't!" she begged, her voice as frightened as that first day we'd become friends.

But I pushed the switch. I couldn't control my sharp intake of breath and immediately I understood why she wouldn't go to the beach, why she wore prim, high-necked clothes. Why she didn't want the light.

A blaze of pictures writhed across her entire body...

Around her left breast, coiled a huge green sea-serpent, its forked tongue licking at the soft red of her nipple. Three green-tailed mermaids tossed a ball, endlessly. The ball was her right nipple. On her rib-cage, Mona Lisa. The famous smirk changed into a wild grin with Ellie's sob. Below her navel, birds flocked—crimson and blue and green—the small parakeets flying highest, the bigger birds swooping low, dangerously near a predatory cat. Pictures everywhere. Thigh to knee swirled with them. Her arms... she was a living picture book. A picture book made for loving.

The pictures shivered as Ellie sighed. "My folks started it when I was little. I earned our livings as The Tattooed Girl." She sighed again. "From that first day I liked you. So I was afraid. Any man who ever sees this, leaves." And she sat up.

I pulled her back down. "Ellie, baby, before tonight you just never met a man who takes pride in The Ratings."

She looked bewildered. So, to show her what I meant, I gently kissed the tattooed cat. ☺

ADAM's Eve



ADAM's Eve





TONKAWA, from page 21
Osborne, that you are in the habit of entertaining strangers in your home?"

Trudy looked at him suspiciously. "What's that mean?"

The prosecutor waved his arms grandly. "All right. Put it this way. Isn't it true that last October a seismograph crew was engaged in drilling test holes on your property? And isn't it true that during the time they were here—a period of one week—you kept them in your home?"

Trudy frowned. "Why, course it is. There weren't no hotel for 'em to board at, and it's a piece from town, and four grown men can't sleep in no truck." She smiled. "Lord, they was a lively bunch, running around in them little tin hats and dynamiting holes in Pa's pasture."

Agree gazed smugly at his audience. "Four men, Miss Osborne? For one week? Tell me, did they pay you for your—accommodations?"

There were coarse sniggers from the rear of the room, and Judge Caldwell glanced up merrily. Trudy looked puzzled. "Sure they did," she said blithely. "They paid me five dollars for every test hole they drilled."

John T. Agree lifted a hand to his lips, as if suppressing a smile. "I'm

sure the analogy is adequate, Miss Osborne."

Oliver rose to his feet. "Ain't all this a little beside the point, Judge?"

Agree smiled wittily. "One of the charges concerns improper conduct and immoral behavior, your honor. I'm simply proving a point. I contend that this young lady should not be allowed to handle her own affairs, that she is unfit to associate with the good people of Tonkawa."

The good ladies of Tonkawa applauded vigorously. Judge Caldwell rapped the counter and said, "All right, John. Get on with it."

The prosecutor whirled suddenly on Trudy, his face grim and determined. "Let's be blunt, Miss Osborne. Did you or did you not attack these five unarmed men? Did you or did you not employ the use of a deadly weapon, a fish knife, and cause them, directly or indirectly, great bodily harm?"

Trudy's bloodless lips quivered and a single tear rolled down her cheek. "I sure's hell did!" she shouted. "And I'd do it again!"

Gaps and low mutterings ran through the room. Oliver put his head in his hands. Agree smiled. "No more questions," he said.

"Thonor," Oliver said in a shaky voice, "I'd like to request a brief

recess. I think I need to confer with my client."

The judge nodded. "I'd say you did, too." He pulled a biscuit-sized gold watch from his vest. "Well, it's nearly dinnertime. We'll recess 'til two."

As the crowd spilled out into the street, Oliver walked over to George Applin. "Look, George, I need to go out to Trudy's house and I want her to go with me. Can we arrange that?"

The bailiff frowned over his tablet. "Dunno bout that, Oliver. She's supposed to be a prisoner and all."

"Hell, you're the bailiff. You can go with us. She ain't Dillinger, y'-know."

"Well..."

Five minutes later, the three of them were packed tightly into Oliver's bedraggled Model A Ford. George sat in the middle, wedged between Oliver's bony frame and Trudy's soft contours. The Ford rattled down the caliche road, leaving a tall plume of white dust in its wake. Trudy pushed open the windshield, lifted her legs, and shoved her bare feet through the opening crinkling her toes in the breeze.

"Dunn ole Agree's hide, anyway," she pouted, sitting on her spine. "It ain't fittin' to be cooped up on a day like this, when you could be fishing or swimmin' or drinkin' shine."

"You shoulda told me about that seismograph crew," Oliver said. "He made you sound like a real Jezebel."

"Didn't know it mattered" Trudy settled lower in the seat, kicking her legs to free them from the confining hem of her dress.

"Whatever happened about them test holes they drilled?"

"I dunno. Last month they sent me a big lot of papers and stuff, but it was all full of 'whereas' and 'therefore' and 'how-some-ever'. Mr. Agree said they didn't mean a thing."

Oliver slapped his forehead. "Oh-migod! Listen, I want to see all that, and every paper your ole daddy ever signed his name to!"

Trudy played patty-cake on her bare thighs. "I reckon I oughta be 'shamed, but I ain't. How can you feel gloomy when the sun's warm and the fish are biting?" She nudged the bailiff with her elbow. "George, wouldn't you like to go swimmin' this afternoon?"

George lifted his eyes hastily and stared straight down the dazzling white road. "Trudy," he said with a hopeless, world-wearied sigh, "it 'pears to me you're gettin' about old 'em again and again like."

Trudy laughed. "Poo," she said.



"Why not look at me as a friend, Miss Goldmyer . . . a friend in need!"



After The Ball Is Over, There Remains A Problem That Lovers Rarely Consider . . .

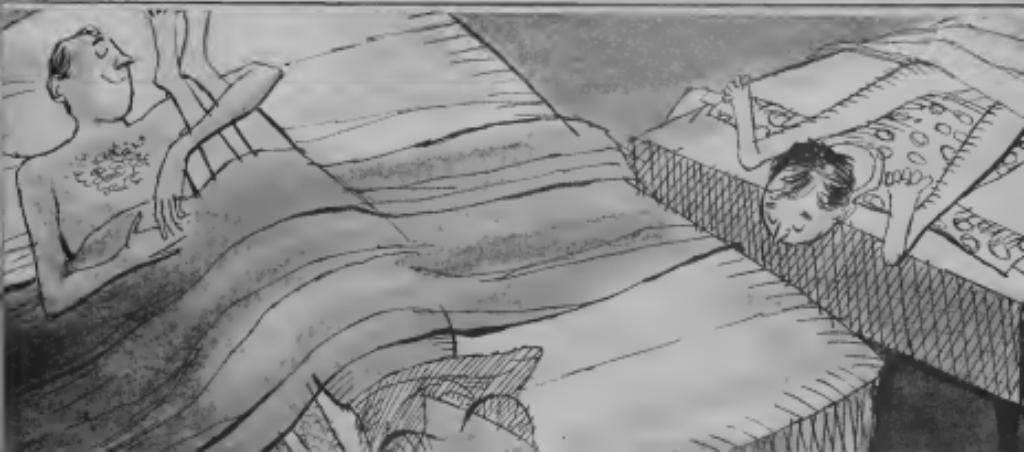
HOW TO SLEEP WITH A GIRL

by THOMAS DOVE

THOUGH THERE ARE no official statistics to go by, we'd give an educated guess that nine out of ten men . . . after making love to a woman . . . wish she'd get the hell out of bed and let them sleep.

But, unless he's completely unfeeling, he's caught in the web of the future and doesn't dare be nasty to her, or his supply (from that sector anyway) might very well be cut off. So there you are with the woman you loved with all your everything a half-hour before and now you wish she'd disappear into thin air.

Now you must sleep in close proximity with her for the night
—turn the page





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SLEEP, from page 38

It's a little like eating a fine, satisfying meal and being forced to sit at the table with the leavings in front of you for several hours. What you want now is sleep. It can be done. But it isn't easy.

Let's examine some of the varied ways that couples share the same bed and still get some sleep.

Most popular is the so-called "spoon" position. Her back is to you and you're right up against her so that your knees are up against the backs of her legs and your arms are around her. The position has the advantage of warm intimacy but every time she moves it might awaken you. We don't recommend it for sleep.

We do recommend what we might call the "hog" position if you can get away with it. In this position you lay on your back or stomach and take up most of the bed with your legs and arms flung out and your bed partner crowded into a corner.

In reverse, if you let your feminine bed-partner get away with it, you might find yourself crowded into a corner of the bed. That's a good nightmare position where you'll dream you're falling off mountains all night.

One recommended position which separates the men from the girls is the so-called "wrap-a-round" position in which the man sleeps over the sheet and the girl sleeps under the sheet. That way bodies don't touch and it is conducive to slumber.

There is a need, sometimes, in a man to prove to a girl that he isn't only interested in sex—that he has finer, more sensitive feelings. If he is compulsive about this, then he'll want to sleep in his bed-partner's arms. That way, sleep is very hard to come by. In fact you must have experienced your loved-one's hair wigs tickling your nose, or her regular breathing blowing air on your face, or her sleep-twitches waking you with a start. It's not a recommended position for sleepers.

Some couples are practical people who recognize the need for sleep despite love and sex. So they sleep with a lot of white sheet space between them and hold hands all night. This is fine if hands don't move.

Some men insist upon sleeping apart from their partners but feel loved and tender if their feet, legs, or even toes touch. Couples are even able to wrap legs around like ends of a rope. We don't like this position because, for example, a dancer with strong legs can drag you around the bed, all night.

Remember the old joke about the traveling salesman who landed at a farmhouse late at night and was asked to sleep with the farmer's beautiful daughter because there was no other bed. The salesman agreed to be a gentleman and pillows were put down between the two in the middle of the bed. In the morning, the salesman said goodbye to the daughter and said, "Don't bother opening the gate, I'll just climb over the fence." To which the daughter said, "Is that so? You couldn't even climb over the pillows."

Well, pillows will often serve to keep a couple apart and preserve sleep, but there are men who will automatically consider the pillows a threat to their masculinity and start the whole love process all over again.



"You want what you want and I'll have what I want!"

again.

Sleeping in the nude, even when you're pooped, is conducive to thoughts other than the Muse. So the man's last futile gesture after love is to rest his hand lovingly on some intimate part of his sweet one's body and that's the way he falls asleep. We don't recommend it because the man is automatically torn between love and sleep. There is conflict there. The same thing happens when it is the female who lets her hand reach out for intimacy.

Warm nights with no covers bring all sorts of readjustments. We know several couples who like to sleep so that the man has his feet on the pillow and his head at the foot of the bed and his partner sleeping in a normal position. It might work out

unless you're restless, in which case you could find yourself wrapped in legs and being strangled to death. On warm nights it is particularly expedient to keep flesh away from flesh in order to sleep.

Ever sleep with your hand through the long silken hair of your loved one? There's something masculine about the position and if you have her at arm's length you have the advantage of intimacy, yet some freedom.

There are sleeping fetishes, too, that have advantages. There are girls who like to sleep with one leg off the bed. Same thing for the man. This gives the partner more room. Some people like to sleep sitting up with a couple of pillows propped behind them. Not bad at all for sleep. There are couples who after finishing the love act, go to sleep just that way. We don't recommend it. Most popular fetish is sleeping under the covers wrapped in a ball. Very uncomfortable.

Many a man sleeps with his head on his lady fair's breast and many a lady fair with her head on her hero's breast. Neither works because the hair tickles your chest and you just can't keep scratching all night. Though we must admit there is something trusting and sweet about the position.

Of course, if you are inclined toward face masks and ear plugs and you have two sets of them, they'll work and almost guarantee a good night's sleep. So will sleeping pills. But we're against props. There's something real about man-girl companionship at night, and props give it a phony touch.

And there's the girl who sleeps with a pillow over her head. Nothing wrong in that. The man can do the same thing. It gets stuffy but sure keeps the sound out.

Every once in a while you'll come across the motherly young lady who will want to sing you to sleep. If you like it, fine. But hummers and singers wake you up just when you're dropping off. Try this at your own risk.

Ideally, there are two twin beds that are pushed together for early evening pleasure and separated afterward. Or pushed together with sheets spreading over both beds and then afterward separate sheets being used.

Really it all comes down to one choice. You either like sleep better than love or vice-versa. Which ever it is, that's the way you lean but take heed, a man needs his eight hours in order to prove his masculinity. Why compromise?



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Her voice said: "Well, don't stand there staring, you clown. Go away!"
But her smile said: "Please come in!
And hurry!"



THE GIRL WITH THE HORIZONTAL MIND

by CORDWAINER BIRD



AS FAR AS HER thighs went... so did I. I would have gone further, but the window shade was partially pulled, and as I swung over onto her ledge, all I could see were those luscious legs, sheathed in dark nylon.

Now bear me good: I'm not a lecher by any means. What I mean, when you're twenty-one and healthy, and on summer vacation in the big city, you try to have a good time. That's all, just a good time. But this chick was something else again. I could tell, just from the slim taper of her legs, and the full round whiteness of her thighs. She was young, and if it was possible for a college boy working as a window washer to put the make on such a choice item, I was the boy and she was the item. Point made? Onward!

The window was open. I pulled at the window shade, and it rolled up with a swish! and flapped at the top of its roll.

I was staring into two of the most beautifully-tipped breasts the world has ever known. They were full, and round and using the standard measure, three and half milliboobs per handful. She was powdering them with a big pink puff, and as the shade snapped free she paused in mid-puff.

I grunted stupidly; what else could I do?

"Just what the bloody hell do you think you're doing?" she snapped, not trying to cover herself. There was a lot to cover. She was well-laid out.

"Window washer, Miss. Sorry about the shade." I kept grinning at her, flexing what few muscles I had

— turn the page

She Was Enough To Make A Window Washer Lose His Squeegee—Gorgeous, Passionate, Eager—But She Had One Dangerous Flaw

inside my T-shirt. I indicated my hooking set-up, my bucket and my squeegee. "See?" I said again. "Window washer."

She glared at me a moment, and then growled, "Well, don't stand there staring, you clown. Go away!"

I shrugged, and moved on down the ledge to the next window. Wouldn't you know it—her bedroom. She came in from the living room—intent on slipping into her bath robe or something—and there I was. Big as life. All of me.

There was something about her, something really definite in the tilt of her head, in the auburn shine of her page-boy hair, in the clear blueness of her eyes, something there that just said: *I wish I was lying down.*

Just as Goya's nudes would look ludicrous standing up, just as Botticelli's nudes would have looked foolish on their feet, this chick was made for the horizontal, and though she was a knockout standing upright, I knew that on her back she would make radiators boil over.

"You again?"

I grinned at her sheepishly, and made futile flapping motion with my free hand. "Sorry," I said, "didn't realize you were coming in here."

Adam



"Young man, don't talk to ME about group activities!"

"When I said go away, fella, I meant *away!* Not down the line to gawk some more."

"I can't help it," I said, in my best smooth-soap line. "I've to keep throwing us together."

"And I'm going to throw you off that ledge if you don't stop peering at me." But she didn't move to cover herself, and she didn't move to get dressed. She had a very odd sparkle in those blue eyes, and I thought I recognized it.

That horizontal look.

"My name's Walt," I said conversationally. "Walt Tucker. I'm only a window washer on vacation. I go to school at—"

"Mister, I don't care if you're Enrico Fermi and you've just invented the A-bomb! Get the hell off my window before I call a cop!" But her hands went to her stomach, and pressed inward there, the fingers all but barely pressing around her navel. It was the sexiest goddamn pose I've ever seen.

I unhooked and slipped a leg over the window ledge.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded, yet moving back to give me room to swing in.

"Well," I said, fiendish thoughts of that down-soft belly and those long legs rumbling in me, "since we seem to be such close acquaintances, I

thought I might come in for a cup of coffee."

"Mister, I'm giving you just thirty seconds to get out of here, before I . . ."

But her eyes were sparkling, and Walt Tucker—alias The Tiger—never mistakes a look. I knew it was hare-brained, and the chick would probably scream rape as soon as I touched her, but it was a gamble. I reached out and took her by the arm.

She came in to me like we were oppositely magnetized. I got my mouth down on her full lips, and began nibbling the lower one. I've got a thing for lower lips. The chick can be a dog, as long as that lower lip is a full, soft one. This lip was the greatest, and the chick was a dream, anyhow.

She plastered herself against me, from mouth to thigh, and what there was of her was choice indeed. I felt the quivering of her belly even through my clothes, and her breasts pressed against my T-shirt impatiently.

I felt her arms go up around me, under my armpits, and she hooked her hands at my shoulders, thrusting her lower body against mine.

I suddenly realized we were standing in front of the open window. Not only could we be seen in sharp relief against the white apartment walls by everyone in the apartments surrounding, but I had a co-worker, a schmuck named Charlie, who might come looking for me any moment.

I disengaged our mouths, and she let loose with a low, animal moan that set my hair to climbing. I'd been right, of course. She was just the type that digs, and what I'd thought was foolish presumption in my coming inside, had turned out to be perception. She was a chick who thought horizontally.

She was trying to drag me backward, to the sofa, but I pulled back, setting her away from me for a moment.

"Un—hey, how about if I pull down the blind?" I said, moving toward it automatically, expecting no great objections.

"Leave it alone!" she screamed, and got between me and it faster than anything I've ever seen. "If you want to stay with me, leave it up!"

"But the whole damned neighborhood can see us!" I said, more than mildly baffled.

"Leave it . . . or get out!"

I looked at the window, and thoughts of Charlie, of the neighbors phoning the vice squad, of passersby in helicopters, came to me

with frightening clarity. But her hips kept intruding on the view, and her breasts were coral-tipped and winking at me, so I shrugged. To hell with it.

"C'mere," I said huskily. My throat had very suddenly gone dry.

She came to me, then, and all that coolness she had exhibited at first had turned to flame and smoke. All the sharp-tonguedness of her was turned into a quick, darting tongue that opened my mouth and sent lancets of fire coursing down through me.

I got a hand under her thighs, and lifted her in my arms. I'm six feet one, but she was a big girl, and I guess I staggered more than carried her. It wasn't very romantic, but I started to drop her gently onto the sofa, and she kept her arms around my neck.

I went down, right on top of her.

It was wonderfully awkward at first, but I eventually joined her in her happy natural state. Her legs moved under me. Then there was great warmth and moistness, and she had her hands locked behind my back, the sharp, flaming nails rapping at me.

The moaning was continuous now, and just as the world shuddered itself into silence, she whispered in a hot pulsing voice:

"My name is Julie ... my name is Julie ... love me, my name is Julie ..."

At least it was nice to know who she was.

HER FULL NAME was Julie Ryan, which was as Irish as her auburn hair and flashing blue eyes. She worked as a governess for a pair of hideous little bastards in a palatial mansion uptown, and she got to her own apartment only on Wednesdays and Sundays.

For the record, I was tied up every Wednesday and Sunday. By Julie Ryan. Tied up by her long legs and her full lower lip.

But there was something odd about her. Isn't there always? What it was with her, I couldn't quite name, but she never made love in the dark, and in fact she made love only with the blinds up ... and once with the cleaning woman in the next room.

It got to be pretty harassing.

But Julie was such a cool sketch, and she knew how to use that body of hers so well, I didn't really give a damn.

I got used to it. Up to a point. Except ...

One Sunday evening, we were lying there, sharing a cigarette, the

— turn to page 56

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This Sweet Sip Of Saki
Has Her Almond Eyes
Pealed For A Special
Kind Of American Male

Nipponese stripper Futaba Wakao has a single burning ambition—to get to the United States, preferably at the invitation of a Hollywood producer. To further her chances, Futaba recently quit her job as a restaurant cashier and hired out her

FUTABA

lush 36-22-36 torso to Tokyo's famed Michigeki Music Hall. "Perhaps a Hollywood producer see me," says Futaba, "and take me perhaps to America for the movies."

As much as Futaba yearns to visit this country, she won't compromise. Many average, "non-producer" Americans have offered her plane or boat tickets, but always she's declined. "If I cannot go with a producer, then my own ticket I pay for. If I go with plain American Joe there would be—how do you say—'cards attached'! In America I want to be free to travel, meet exciting show business people, not with one man."

And until Futaba attracts a nice prosperous producer, how does she like her strip job at the Michigeki? She likes it just fine. "Two types of men come to Michigeki," she says. "One type looks at whole cast—other type just stares at my body." Futaba smiled, blushing as she stared down at her toes. "I like the second type best. He gives me a funny feeling. Very nice funny feeling."

Futaba says she likes to spend her leisure time wandering through flower shows, and photographic exhibitions of America. American detective novels fascinate her, too. "American detectives very smart," she says. "If a producer doesn't come around, maybe I'll go to America with detective."

Futaba broke off suddenly, frowned and stamped her foot. "Dammit, so far no producer signs me up with contract. When will producer come to Michigeki and discover Futaba? When?"

Speaking for Oriental and Occidental males throughout North America, we eagerly re-echo that—when?

2319
三六八番



Sexy Fatare gives the man-on-the-street a daily treat by walking to and from rehearsals at Tokyo's Nichigeki Music Hall. For lunch, (below) she prefers native Japanese dishes, the more noodles the better. At work, she dances in ornate but revealing costumes that keep male customers coming back for more.



An excited murmur ran through the store. Mr. Agee paled. Trudy's mouth shaped a round shocked circle.

"Furthermore," Oliver went on, "these papers drawn up on the death of Trudy's father—drawn up, I point out, by Mr. Agee himself—stipulate that in the event of Trudy's death or legal incompetence, her land would be placed in escrow under Mr. Agee's control."

Teddy Hansen leaped to his feet, wincing painfully. "Agee, you bastard, you never said nothin' about any oil. Twenty-five bucks? You damn cheapskate!"

The judge slammed his stick viciously against the counter. "You sit down and shut up, young man." He leaned back in his armchair and laced his fingers across his paunch. "Well, now, this could stand some thinking on."

"A conspiracy, your honor!" Agee roared. "A malicious plot to cloud the issue!" He turned to face the audience. "The good people of Tonkawa," he began, then faltered and fell silent. The good people of Tonkawa were regarding him dispassionately in an eerie, utter silence.

The judge pursed his lips thoughtfully. "I reckon nobody here is so innocent he can't see what's happened. Mr. Applin, as bailiff of this court, you will see to it that Mr. Agee is placed in custody, to be arraigned before this court at a date of my choosing. I want to look over these papers some." He swiveled in his chair. "Now, Trudy, you are, by your own admission, guilty of assault with a deadly weapon upon the persons of these poor, helpless critters here. Do you have anything to say before I pass sentence?"

Trudy swallowed with difficulty. "I reckon not, sir."

Agee said lamely: "She's still guilty of low moral conduct and indecent exposure."

The judge nodded. "True. And to show you what I think of her morals, I'm passing sentence right now. Trudy, you are hereby sentenced to prepare for the judge of this court a fried chicken dinner, to be served with much pomp and circumstance next Sunday at high noon. I'm just sorry I'm too old to swim."

The uproar in the courtroom only increased as Trudy threw her arms about the judge's neck and kissed him soundly on the cheek. "You're never to old to learn, your honor, sir!"

The judge smiled and banged his stick. "This court," he said solemnly, "stands adjourned."

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The Maunities fired point-blank but it was like trying to kill a shadow. Johnson turned and was gone like smoke.

BULLETS and



**Vicious, cunning, and deadly,
the "Mad Trapper" seemed
immune to the Mounties' bombs and bullets**

CONSTABLE A. W. (BUNCE) KING of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police strode up to the door of the log cabin and hammered on it. "You in there, Johnson?" he shouted. "I have a search warrant. If you don't open up I'll have to break the door down."

He waited. Absolute silence reigned inside the cabin. Outside an icy wind moaned through the stunted trees and whipped up ghost-like flurries of snow.

"Do you hear me, Johnson?" King stepped back and braced himself with the intention of charging the door with his shoulder. "I'm coming in!" he yelled.

Suddenly a gun roared inside the cabin, and Constable King was slammed back as though he had been poleaxed. A slug had smashed through the door and entered the mountie's chest just below the heart.

Immediately King's three companions, Constable R. G. McDowell and RCMP Indian scouts Joe Bernard and Lazarus Sittichulius opened up with their rifles from behind trees fifty yards away. Bullets tore through the cabin door in a flurry of splinters, and the sharp reports echoed and rumbled like an overture to doom.

Constable McDowell could hear King groaning. He

flattened himself in the snow and crawled toward the wounded mountie while Bernard and Sittichulius poured more shots into the cabin.

McDowell dragged King to the shelter of some trees. One look told him his comrade was very near to death. Blood oozed from the wound under his heart and he was already stiffening in the freezing cold. McDowell wrapped him up in blankets taken from the RCMP sled.

"Hell die if we don't get him to a doctor," McDowell told the others. "We'll have to leave that maniac in the cabin and head back to Aklavik."

Through the forty-below cold and driving sleet, McDowell lashed his dogs on to Aklavik, seventy-five miles away from the scene of the shooting at the foot of Rat Rapids in Canada's North-West Territories. Traveling without pause over the most difficult terrain, he reached the Anglican Mission Hospital at Aklavik in twenty hours. Constable King was still alive.

"Hell pull through," said Dr. J. A. Urquhart, after he had treated the wounded constable. "Only just, though. The bullet missed his heart by only half an inch and his lungs by less."

— turn the page

BLOOD in the SNOW

by PAUL BROCK

SNOW, from page 51

A wave of fury and indignation swept the Arctic settlement when news of the shooting got around. The date was January 6th, 1932. Forty men volunteered for deputy duty to take in the man named Johnson, now dubbed "The Mad Trapper of Rat River." Nobody ever knew his first name. He was a mystery man who had turned up in the tiny settlement of Fort MacPherson near the mouth of the Mackenzie River a month before. He had spent \$1,400 on guns, ammunition, blankets and food and had mentioned that he intended to head up Rat River toward the Yukon border.

Reports had reached the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that Johnson had built a cabin at the bottom of Rat Rapids in the middle of Loucheau Indian traplines, and had been threatening the Indians with his guns. The mounties had sent Constable King and his party to investigate. The slug that hit King started the most bullet-spattered manhunt in the history of the famous law-enforcement agency.

Led by Inspector E. A. Eames, RCMP, a posse of armed men immediately set out from Aklavik to pick up the Mad Trapper. It consisted of Constable McDowell, Sittichulis, Bernard, and three crack-shot trappers named Ernest Sutherland, Kark Garland, and Knud

Lang. They were joined at the mouth of Rat River by RCMP Constable "Newt" Millen of Fort MacPherson who had been informed of developments by radio.

They reached the cabin without incident. Using a tree for cover Inspector Eames hailed Johnson: "The man you shot is still alive, Johnson. I want you to come out of there with your hands high."

There was no answer. Eames challenged Johnson again: "We have dynamite, Johnson. We'll blast you out if you don't come quietly."

As though suddenly incensed by the Inspector's threat, the man inside the cabin began shooting. He fired five rounds from a rifle first, then two shotgun blasts, and finally five shots from a revolver.

The men retreated and returned his fire. Bullets from eight rifles splintered through the logs and tore through the tiny window and door. In the middle of the heavy fusillade Lang and Bernard rushed the door, attacking it with their rifle butts. One log gave way and through the gap Bernard was amazed to catch a fleeting glimpse of Johnson flinging himself inside a fox-hole in the cabin floor. Protecting the fox-hole was a barrier of logs in addition to those of the cabin itself.

Bernard jumped to one side just in time to avoid a shotgun blast. "That's no cabin," he told Eames

grumly, after returning to the safety of the trees. "It's a fortress."

They decided to use dynamite bombs. Accompanied by Garland holding a flashlight, Eames crept to within twelve feet of the cabin window. He intended to smash the glass and throw a fused stick of dynamite through.

Gardland switched on the flashlight to pin-point the window, but the flashlight spun from his hand as one of Johnson's bullets hit it. Even in the dark Johnson's aim appeared to be lethal.

They tried the roof next. Dynamite was thrown onto it. With a shattering roar it exploded. Constable Millen rushed forward and flung himself on to the roof near the smoking hole. He took one quick look. Johnson not only had his fox-hole and log barrier to protect him. He had excavated a tunnel into which he could fling himself for protection against the dynamite.

Three more dynamite bombs were tried, but after each blast Johnson's rifle continued to spit death, and the cabin, though wrecked, still protected him.

Eames decided to return to Aklavik for more ammunition and men. The posse pulled out on their dog sleds. They returned the following afternoon. This time the police party included two Army signalmen in charge of a radio transmitter, Sergeants R. G. Riddell and W. Hersey.

There was no sign of Johnson. The bullet-riddled cabin was empty and the door hung open. All signs of habitation had been removed. Johnson, it seemed, must be carrying a full pack of blankets, utensils, guns, ammunition and food on his back. Snow and wind had wiped out his tracks.

"But he won't get far in this weather," predicted Eames. "He has no dogs and he can't be carrying much food, so he must be heading for territory where he knows he can live off the land. That means Rat Canyon. A man can just about manage to stay alive there on hare and ptarmigan."

The whole party moved into the canyon with its twisting frozen river and countless creeks. For four days and nights they searched, nerves jittery, anticipating the crack of a rifle and the whine of a bullet.

It was Constable Millen who first spotted Johnson's tracks. They were heading north-west, towards the mountainous Divide and the Alaskan border, about one-hundred miles away. With Riddell and Garland he had separated from the main party four hours earlier. He decided to try arresting Johnson without calling on the others for help.



"I think I'm going to like this planet."

When they caught up with the "Mad Trapper" he was hiding behind a clump of spruce. Light glinted on his gun barrel.

"Drop it, Johnson!" Millen shouted. "I'm coming for you!"

Flame spouted from the clump of spruce. The shot-missed, and Millen dropped to one knee to return Johnson's fire. The next second he reared, his rifle flying, then slumped into the snow. Johnson had shot him through the heart.

When Inspector Eames received the grim news of Millen's death the next day, he broadcast an appeal for aid. Soon over a hundred grim-faced men were hitting the trail behind dog teams, determined to get the "Mad Trapper" before he claimed another victim.

Meanwhile for the first time in the history of Canadian crime, the help of an airplane was enlisted in the manhunt. Ex-World War I ace, Captain W. R. ("Wop") May took off from Edmonton in a ski-equipped Bellanca plane to help pin-point Johnson from the air.

It wasn't until February 11th that the air-sea search paid off. May, flying over high ground, spotted scuff marks in the snow at one spot. Evidently Johnson had stood there to survey his route, and it looked as though he was heading for the Divide and Alaska by the only possible route through the Mackenzie Mountains—Bell Pass.

Eames whistled in disbelief when May told him this. "No man ever got through Bell Pass alone and on foot," he said. "It's above the tree line and the cold is murderous. There's no food and no fuel."

But that didn't stop the "Mad Trapper." With superhuman desperation, not only did he struggle through the snow-clogged, 4,000-foot-high pass on foot, but he carried a pack weight-down with a rifle, shotgun, revolver and ammunition for all three, plus his personal effects. The fest was nothing short of miraculous, and had it not been for the plane, his pursuers might have lost him altogether.

A hasty reconnaissance on February 13 revealed that Johnson was traveling fast and straight for Alaska down the Bell River. He had actually crossed the Divide and covered ninety miles in three days through snow and blood-freezing winds. He was now traveling in the track of thousands of migrating caribou on hard-packed ground and making fast progress. The way to stop him was to overtake him by air.

On February 14th May flew the posse in stages to La Pierre House, a trading post ahead of Johnson on

—turn to page 56

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HOLLYWOOD, from page 13

She goes with men, usually younger, who vaguely remember her "from the movies" and think it's a gas to bed "an actress." Her juggernaut of fear is Growing Old; it is mixed with equal parts of The Future and bittersweet memories of The Past. Her makeup is too thick. Her eye-shadow isn't necessary, the dark circles do the job. Tragically, she comes on with men the way a girl of twenty might. Giggly, crudely, silly. It's like making time with a Baggedy Ann doll.

She still wears sexy clothes, though they're always about five years out of date, and twenty pounds too skimpy for her. She buys them at the shops that specialize in wardrobes of The Stars. Castoff clothes to ensue castoff dreams.

Too brittle for death, she finds succor in drink, and when the bottle goes dry for her, she'll try "junk." Men are a necessity, but it takes a certain kind of sickie to flop with a woman coked out of her skull and reeking of muscated.

She bugs her friends, people who are still in the Industry, seeking a break, a chance, a comeback, anything; and when Miss X calls, they're always out to lunch. Even at 9:30 A.M.

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She's a machine. She always pays off, but you pay first. She's not a whore, exactly, but rather a render-er of services. She won't have anything to do with you if you're a sailor in on leave, or a flunkie in a plumbing firm. But if you've got a tiny pull anywhereabout, she's there waiting for your request. She's the closest thing to a genie in a bottle our times has yet produced. She's probably a lesbian. She'll walk into a doctor's office one day, and fall dead on his carpet from being beaten up by somebody she shouldn't have pushed so hard to pay off.

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She still sees herself as a Winner and nothing can dim that dream. At least till she has to visit a Tijuana doctor. After that, she'll realize very dimly, incompletely, that she has been touched by a breath of mis-spent yesterdays, and no amount of Lifebuoy will wash her clean.

She'll go to Constantino's in Beverly Hills and pay ten bucks for a new scrape and polish. And then she'll be back on the treadmill again. The carpet before her plump nose is a moon-mist of good times and names in lights that never materializes. And then, one night, she'll turn over in the strange bed she happens to be in, and she'll realize the rent is due, her VW needs a new set of valves and lifters, she's fresh out of nylons, and she's been giving it away for chuckles. Then she'll ask the guy she happens to be balling for a few bucks to pay the freight. He'll refuse, get indignant, and at that precise moment Cinderella will wake up to the fact that she's halfway to whoredom, and she'll harden, and go the rest of the way without assistance. Caveat Emptor.

On which note, gentle swordmen, we may logically take leave of the swinging Hollywood scene; adding only the admonition that the grass is not only greener in your own back yard, but it's less contaminated with harmful insecticides. The dreams of Hollywood may be sweet to sniff, but they are like a box of poisoned chocolates: Sweet, but deadly.

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Adam's TALES



PETTING CASH MEMOS

DATE	ITEM	AMOUNT
8/1	Ad for secretary	\$ 1.50
8/8	Salary for secretary	60.00
8/13	Lunch for secretary	12.00
8/14	Theater tickets for self and secretary	15.00
8/16	Movie for self and wife	2.00
8/20	Flowers for Susie	10.00
8/20	New salary for Susie	85.00
8/29	Dinner for self and "Susie"	25.00
8/30	Ice cream for wife	.30
9/5	New salary for Susie	100.00
9/6	Can opener for wife (deluxe model)	2.49
9/12	Weekend for self and Susie	185.00
10/26	Doctor for stupid secretary	375.00
10/27	Fur coat for wife	1700.00
10/28	Ad for male secretary	1.50

FAST CURE

An agent buddy of ours tells the one about the hospital patient gazing admiringly at a pretty nurse as she left the room. He turned to the doctor and said: "Wonderful nurse. One touch of her hand and my fever disappeared."

"I know," said the doctor. "I heard the slap class down to the end of the corridor."



PENGUIN PROBLEM

Once upon a time a boy penguin met a girl penguin at the Equator. They fell madly in love and, after a torrid affair, the boy penguin went north to the North Pole, and the girl went south to the South Pole.

After a month, the boy penguin received a telegram at the North Pole stating simply, "Come quick—am with Byrd."

MISUNDERSTANDING

Several weeks ago, in a local court, the judge asked the defendant: "How did the trouble start?"

"Well, Your Honor, she asked me to play a round, and I didn't know she meant golf."

GUN GAME

There was a soldier named O'Hara Who fondled a girl in a chair. At the sixty-third stroke, The furniture broke And his rifle went off in the air!



BLABBERMOUTH

At a recent divorce case, the grieved husband told the judge: "I came home and found my wife in bed with another man."

"And what did she say?" asked the judge.

"That's what hurts me," said the husband. "She just looked at me and said, 'Well, look who's here. Old Blabbermouth. Now the whole neighborhood will know.'"



"There's just no pleasing you, Ralph. You used to complain when I was frigid. Now, you're complaining because I'm hot!"



His New Bride Said, "No Sex"—
But the Primitive African
Night Held A Surprise
For Both Of Them

IT WAS WITH a certain savoir-faire that Richard Collier peeled off the top note from the roll of bills and gave it to the white Afrikaner porter as the whistle from the locomotive engine screamed above his voice.

"Pardon me, sir!" the man said, peering through round rimless spectacles at Richard's moving mouth.

"I said, keep the change," said Richard.

"Oh, Thank you, sir." The man slid the compartment door closed behind him and was gone just as the train lurched into motion.

Richard turned back toward his wife who was busy pulling up a window shutter from the lower sill to a halfway point on the open window, so that they would have some privacy from the platform outside. Yes he decided, watching her body move under the nylon dress, something was definitely happening to him since their arrival in Johannesburg a few days ago.

Julia turned to him from the window, her face full of excitement. Before she

— turn the page

He tore the nightgown from her in one violent movement. Her scream was lost in the other noises of the train.

YESTERDAY'S 7000 YEARS

by RALPH E. HAYES



YEARS, from page 36
spoke however, she made an obvious effort to restrain that excitement. "It's quite wonderful, isn't it?" she said, her voice just a little cool.

As was his custom, Richard hesitated a moment to organize his thoughts into precise, accurate, telling phrases. ~~That~~ ~~had~~ ~~already~~ seemed unimportant to him to be precise. "It's like ~~you~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~, trying to get her to smile.

She did, but only formally. "How far is it to Nelspruit, Richard?" she said.

He tried to ignore her aloofness. Pursing his lips in his old familiar way, he pushed his dark horn-rimmed glasses up on his nose, a gesture symbolic of his New York self, the one he had brought here to Africa with him. "A couple hundred miles more or less," he said.

Richard thought back to their wedding day just three days ago in Manhattan — the lavishness of the whole thing at the insistence of her parents — of the job her father had offered him, to make sure his Darling Daughter wouldn't starve at the hands of this Clod from the Outside. And he remembered the fight he and Julia had had that same afternoon when he had suggested that he might not accept the job offer, and how her reaction had cooled down to below zero by flight time that evening, when she announced that perhaps they had better sleep separately until they had resolved this very basic difference. So he had not made love to her that day nor since — nor had he ever.

"I see we pass through Pretoria, Honey," he said, looking at the map on the wall opposite the double-decker bunks. He would try to win her over with friendliness.

"I've heard of ~~that~~," she said, unbuttoning the back of her dress. "Marching through Pretoria, et cetera. Will you help me with this, Richard?"

His pulse quickened as he fumbled with the buttons and smelled the fragrance of her. She stirred even more the something in him that he had felt these past couple of days. She was a beautiful, desirable girl, and he was acutely aware of it.

"Julia," he said, "can't we call a truce to this thing we've got going? This is our honeymoon, you know."

She turned toward him, her face calm, a slight smile on it. "I thought we'd had that out," she said. "I think it will just spoil our trip if we talk about it, don't you?"

Her tone was openly contemptuous of him. She had told him the rules and that was that. She would

withhold her girlish charms from him until he saw the job thing her way. Discussion was obviously out of the question.

Richard was shocked with the sudden knowledge that he had the most compelling desire to slap her hard across the face.

"It isn't right to start out like this," he said, tight-lipped. "And I think this way of fighting is just a little unfair." He had never taken this tone with her before.

Julia responded quickly, "Unfair?" she said slyly. "Richard, I don't know any rules for this sort of thing. I only know how to get what I want — and I want very much for you to go to work for Daddy. Now, I'm going to get into my night clothes."

Anger welled in his chest and this too, was new for Richard. He watched grimly as she climbed into the upper bunk — she liked upper bunks — and flipped the light off. He knew she was up there taking off her clothes, and for some reason the anger increased in him with this knowledge.

Richard went over to the window and sat down carefully on the edge of the lower bunk, breathing hard, and he smelled the coal soot from the engine. It filled his nostrils and he listened to the wheels chugging over the tracks, as the big rolling hills of the African countryside slid by in the darkness. The feeling was strong in him now, and he finally recognized it. It was his manhood, choked by long years of mothering and overprotection and book reading and intellectual discussions, stifled through his maturation and possibly for generations, and the image he had built of himself as a kind of scientific observer of the scene, the horn-rimmed spectacles image, was now dissolving and he saw something else in its place. He saw a primitive man hunched before an open fire, and in the background, the far background, stood a woman whose only purpose was to minister to the man's comforts and desires.

Yes, it was the awakening in him of something primeval. Awakened by this new, strange and exciting environment, by the sight of women walking behind their men, by the smells of the African night, and yes, by the knowledge that animals of prey roamed these hills and lurked in those shadows out there that the brightness of the moon failed to penetrate.

"If we stop at this station, better pull the blind," Julia's voice came from the darkness.

They were coming into a small station, slowing down, and suddenly there were groups of black faces huddled in bunches along the plat-

form, faces of half-naked savages, and there was something in them that Richard identified with.

Richard looked up toward his wife and said nothing. Just dimly he could see her buttoning the top button of her night gown in the dimness up above. Then he turned back to the window and the faces again, and his attention focused on one couple, apparently a young man and wife. The man sat proudly on a bench with what looked like all his worldly belongings, and the woman, a girl actually, bare to the waist, stood submissively and silently behind him. Richard watched them until they were out of sight, and then the thing in his chest suddenly welled up and engulfed him, and he knew he had made up his mind about Julia.

"Richard, did you hear me?" came Julia's firm voice above him. Then a long shapely leg preceded her down from the bunk, exposed as the gown fell momentarily aside, and she was beside him. He stood to face her.

"You're certainly quiet," she said. "You'd better get ready for bed. We're in for a big day tomorrow at Kruger Park."

"Tomorrow?" he said quietly. "Why, tomorrow I may be myself with yesterday's seven thousand years." Omar Khayyam.

"What in the world are you talking about?" she said.

And now the nearness of her was overpowering, the sight of her thigh a moment before, the beauty of her dark hair on her shoulders now, and his decision, he knew, was right. He removed his glasses and deliberately flung them through the open window.

"I never did really want or need those damned things," he said.

"Richard," she said, "What are you doing?"

"Becoming a man," he said, taking off his shirt.

She began breathing hard without knowing it.

"You're my wife, Julia," he said. "You have been for three long days."

She backed up a step and turned the compartment light back on. "Don't you think you're acting a little neurotic?" she said.

He switched the light back off and locked the compartment door. "You have certain obligations as my wife," he said. "Do you know what they are?"

"Now don't get any bright ideas, Richard," she said, still bucking away. "You know what I said in New York. That still goes."

"I don't think so," he said.

Next door to them some South Africans had begun playing a guitar and singing loudly, adding to the





With a hand movie camera and a bevy of beauties,
one man creates a world of celluloid...

MAIL-ORDER SEX



FILM-MAKER Ray

Hackett has a job that would make any man envious. Armed with motion picture camera, plus ability to invent a story, Ray shoots 3-minute films of ladies in various states of undress—mostly nude—and sells the result to mail-order houses. The job has its obvious "challenges," but is it profitable? Says Ray: "If a girl projects that certain quality to the viewers, a single mail-order house will sell as many as 500 films in a month. You don't get rich, but it's a comfortable living. It's satisfying work." Ray puffed on his pipe. "In this business I have to be cameraman, director, writer and part-time psychologist—all at the same time. It takes



Left and upper right: Hackett shoots Carla Marsh. Right: Secretary Gretchen. Above: Girls help with processing of film



Carla, Gretchen and Hackett's secretary, Patti Bryan, a former calendar girl, primp and pose for the movie cameras.



a lot to get the girls to expand that extra effort. I usually shoot the films at my house. It's more comfortable."

How does Ray get girls for his films? Mostly from his amateur photo studio, where girls pose by the hour for shutterbug fans. "In fact, I got into this business through my studio. I used to supply girls to moviemakers. Then one day I decided that since I already have the girls, why not film them myself?"

Questioning further, to learn why a girl gets into the "nude" game, Ray revealed two reasons. "First, it's a fairly easy way to make money. Second, a lot of girls just like to express themselves. One of my girls is an executive secretary, making good money." He shrugged. "She just likes to gyrate in the raw. Another gal I use is inhibited in panties and bra, but nude she really goes."

And does Ray ever get requests for unusual films? "Yes, my mail-order customers get a number of requests for girls in special kinds of attire, so naturally they pass on the request to me. The last far-out request I received was for two girls wrestling in the semi-nude. I checked with my friends in the nude business and dug up what the man wanted. He turned out to be a nationally-known show biz personality." ☐



It requires a bit of crouching, but Hackett manages to get interesting angle on Swedish born Mesia Strand's ample charms, at right.



BEHIND THE COVER



COVER GIRL Dee

Dee Smith, who owes her luscious looks to her Egyptian-French ancestry, actually hails from Mexico City. Her silky red-brown hair and hazel eyes, along with her ample 38-22-37 contours, have made her a sizzling success in the strip-tease world. Her ideal man is "just a nice guy—with a profession," and she loves to spend her free time hunting for buried treasure in Mexico!

A WORD ABOUT EVE



ADAM'S EVE this month is hazel-eyed blonde Jerry Meloe. A native Californian, Jerry likes all kinds of fair weather sports: swimming, water-skiing, horseback riding. Jerry's biggest ambition is to find a "considerate, polite, good-looking fellow" to settle down with. More than anything she wants to be a good housewife. So far, the "fellahs" haven't been quite polite enough!

MIND, from page 45

sheets hanging off the side of the bed, and she said, "Wait, do you want to make me happy?"

Now there'd been no mention of marriage, and I had thought we both understood that marriage wasn't to enter into this, but she said it so damned sincerely, I turned to her and answered, "Sure honey, but I'm still in college; I've got hardly enough money for my—"

"Oh, you clown!" she said, and kicked at me with her free leg. "I'm not talking about that."

"Well, sure, I want to make you happy," I covered quickly. "I thought I was doing a pretty good job." I pinched her breast, and she squeaked in outrage.

"Then will you do something for me?"

"Depends."

"On what?" She drew in air and her breasts grew tighter, larger. My mouth constantly went dry around that chick.

"On what you want."

She got to her knees then. Have I mentioned she was a natural auburn type? Seems foolish to add it; she was the kind that wasn't much for duplicity.

"Come on," she said, taking me by the hand. I felt like getting out of the sack right then, about as much as I felt like playing Russian roulette with a fully-loaded .38 Police Special.

"Aw, Julie," I carped, trying to haul her back into bed.

"No, come on," she said, and dragged me to the window. It was an early Sunday evening, and the street was filled with people either coming or going, but either way, people who would certainly have noticed two naked people.

Julie climbed out onto the wide ledge under her window. "Where the blazes are you going?" I asked.

"Come on chicken," she coaxed.

"The hell!" I said. "Not on your life."

"You want to see me again?"

Let's face it. I'm a coward. I had two more months in the city before I went back to college, and this setup with Julie was just what the psychiatrist had ordered. I climbed out onto the ledge. She wasn't kidding.

I made love to her right there, in full view of anyone who happened to look up... in full view of everyone in the apartments above, below, around and behind. She kicked and moaned and arched her back in passion, and bit my shoulders and raked my back with her nails, and I thought sure as the devil we'd be arrested. But we weren't, and oddly enough,

it was the most satisfying, nerve-tangling session I've ever had.

When it was over, and the sweaty imprint of our bodies was all that was left on the ledge, she turned to me—inside—and asked: "Wasn't that good?"

What could I say? Yeah, it was good.

I'd been scared witless throughout.

IN THE NEXT few weeks, I had Julie under bushes in the park—with a cop walking his beat nearby. On the roof of a small shed behind a branch library, with a weekly meeting of the Book Worm Reading Club going on inside the building proper. Standing up in a canoe on the lake. On the stairs of her apartment building at midnight. (So all right, it was midnight, but there was still the chance of someone discovering us!)

Man, I got down to about 120 pounds and I had suddenly developed a tic in my right cheek. When window washing, I thought I'd fall a dozen times. I was becoming a nervous wreck.

Finally, after a fantastic night in an open-topped convertible (her employer's in a drive-in movie, with her gorgeous, nylon-clad legs hanging over the side of the car)—during Mr. Magoo—I knew it had to be all over between Irish Julie Ryan and myself. I couldn't stand the killing pace.

So I told her goodbye. It broke my heart, and my libido cried *Trotter!*—but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, Julie told me, as I stood by the door that night: "Wait, you're a chicken."

"Guess what," I replied, "you're right."

Then I left her.

She was gorgeous, and she was the best I ever had, but Julie Ryan had a serious fault: she couldn't make love well unless there was an element of extreme danger involved. She had to be afraid someone was going to discover her at it. Perhaps it was a throwback to her childhood when she'd played "games" under the stairs in her home, and was afraid her folks would find her, but whatever it was, she had to have it rough, or it was no go.

I didn't really mind so much—all the weird and dangerous places where we made it, at first. I mean, being a window washer isn't the safest job in the world, so you can tell I'm not a complete fraidy-cat.

But what she had in mind was going too far.

I mean, you'd bolt too, wouldn't you, if a girl like Julie started talking dreamily about the Brooklyn Bridge and Macy's window?

things to come

Dear Adam

A PLEA FOR PATTI

On the back of my 1963 ADAM CALENDAR I found a picture of Miss Patti Conley. I would appreciate it if you would let me know how I could get a larger picture of Miss Conley.

William S. Pickens
University of Georgia

□ We don't sell pictures of models, Bill, but here's a memento of Patti just for you.

SOLE SEARCHER

I presume your attention has already been directed to what appears to be a large hole in the sole of Xavier Cugat's right shoe on page 16 of ADAM, Vol. 7, No. 4, but I couldn't resist the impulse to mention it anyway.

How I should notice such a trivial point with Abbe Lane in the same picture, I can't explain! I would certainly think "Cugie" could afford hole-less soles on his shoes. It reminds one of a similar circumstance with Adlai Stevenson some years ago, if you recall.

The heck with this trivia. I think I'll concentrate more closely on the distaff side from now on.

Nicholas A. Klute
Staten Island, New York

□ You have sharp eyes, Nicholas. We selected that particular photo for its novelty.

SUPERMEN, 2000 AD?

Paul Brock's "World Records" (ADAM Vol. 7, No. 3) is a waste of space for the conclusion the author draws. Wouldn't it have been more to the point to suggest a reason for the continuing revision of track and field (and other sports) records?

Such a reason might be the constant development of bigger, stronger, and more capable athletes.

I'll make you a wager of one beer, that after the 25th Olympiad in 2000 AD, the time for the mile will not exceed 3:10 (Metric mile); the 100 meter run will go in 7.9 or 8.0; the winner in the high jump will best eight feet, and the winner in the pole vault will clear 20 feet. The shot will go 90 feet, the hammer 300 feet, the discus 250, the broad jump better than 30 feet, and so on. For that matter, we'll see a 10,000-point decathlon within five years.

Derek Ross
Asheboro, North Carolina

□ You may just be right, Derek. Certainly most sports fans share your hopes. However, proceeding on the assumption that perhaps one of your predictions may miss its mark, we'll accept your wager. We like imported beer.



NEXT MONTH

an intimate chat with sultry showgirl "Natasha"

AND

ADAM visits Mexico's ancient capital and finds some swinging up-to-date kicks

PLUS

Richard Maxwell's chilling revelation about the gorgeous "Witch of Waccamaw"



Latin Lupe Lopez Proves Language Is No Barrier To Love see page 7



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VINTAGE

Girlie Scans